VOL. CCXIII, No. 2780

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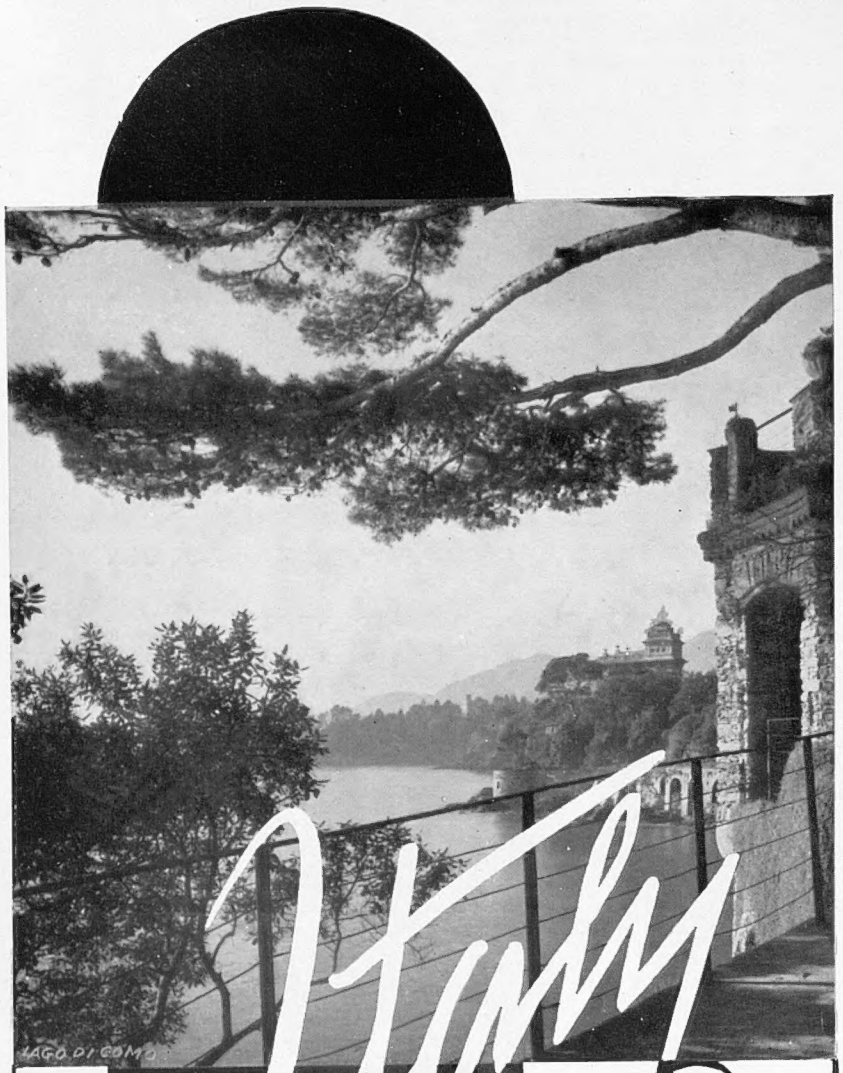

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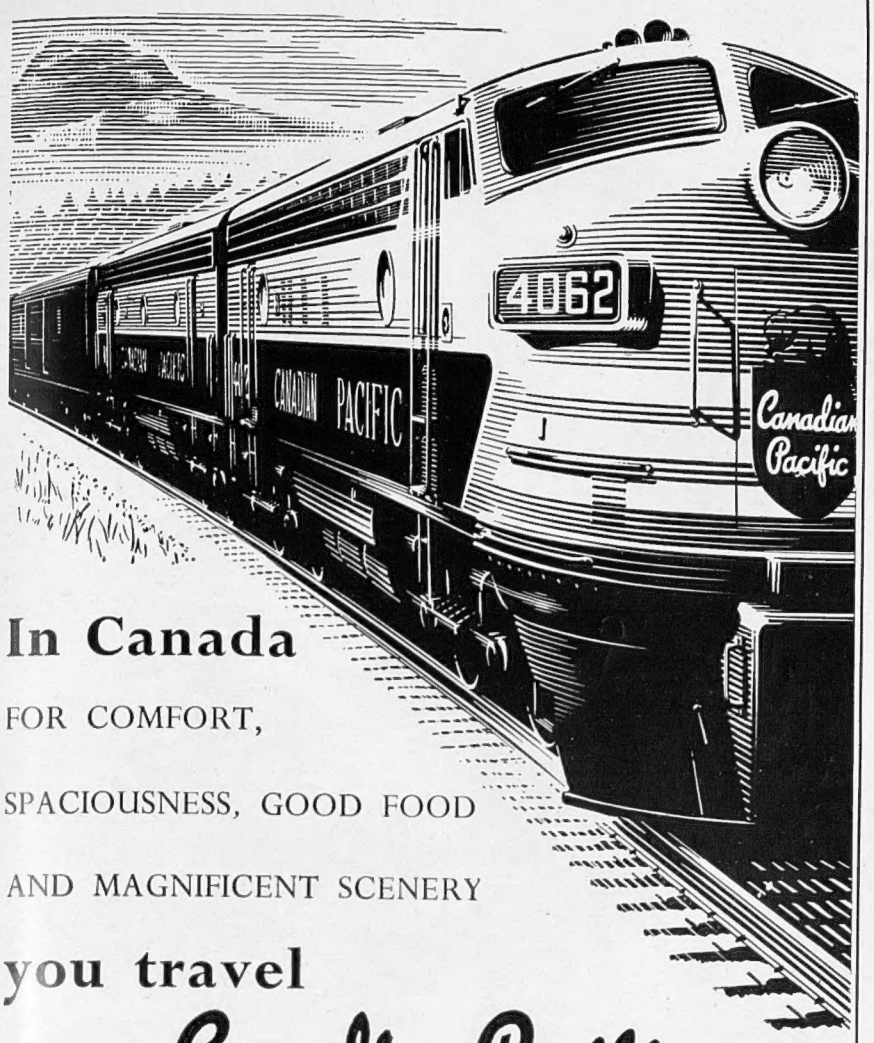

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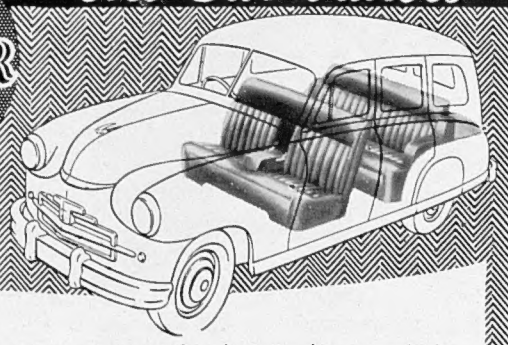

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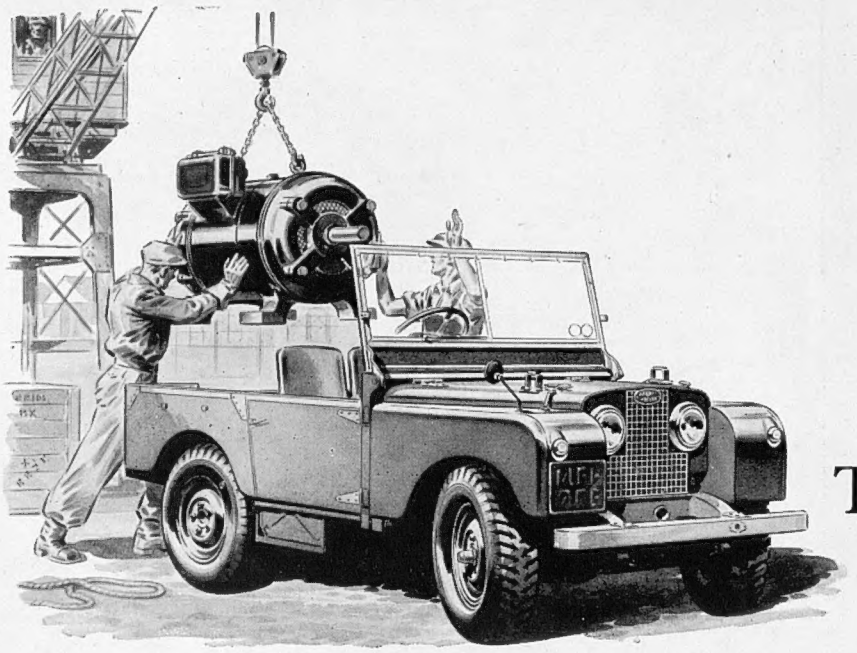

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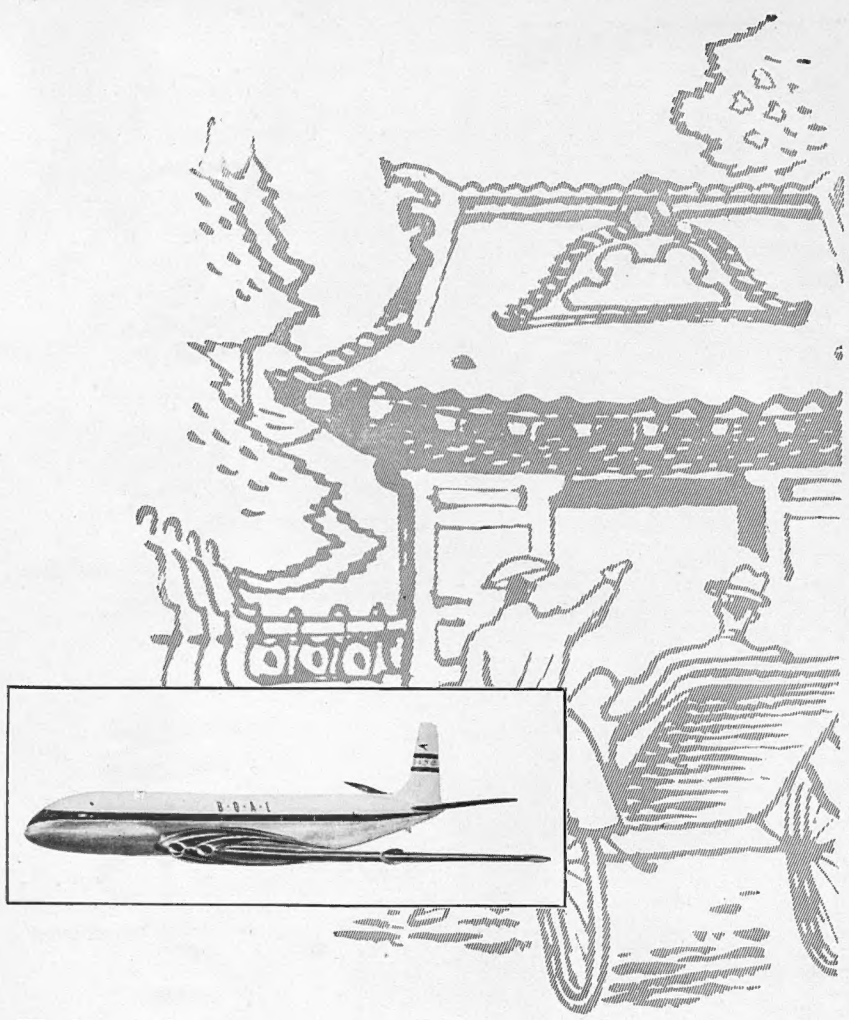

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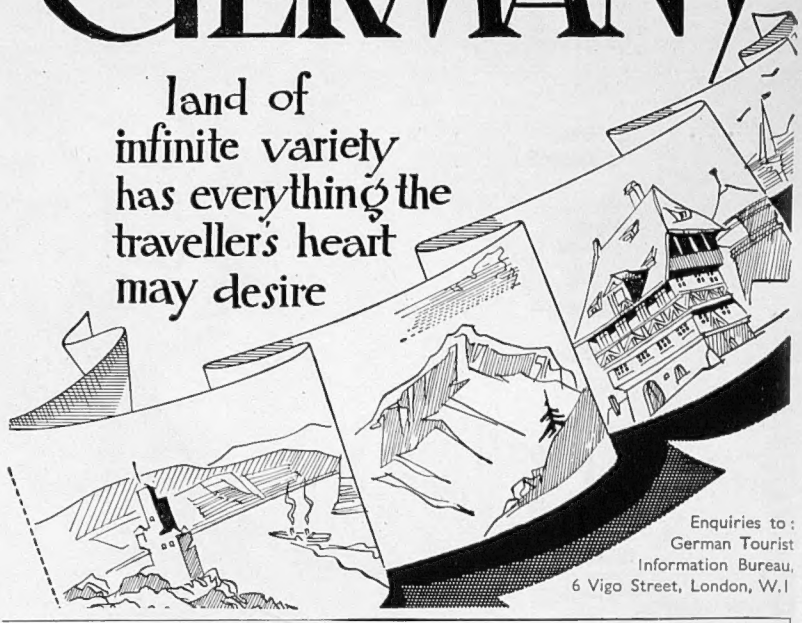

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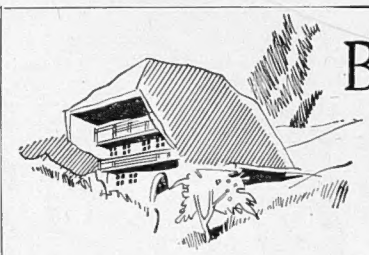

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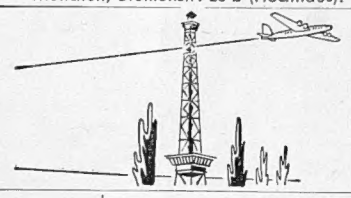

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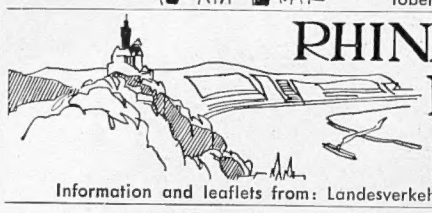

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Volume CCXIII No. 2780

The SPHERE, London, May 23, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A CORONATION PREVIEW FOR THOUSANDS—FOR THE SECOND SUCCESSIVE SUNDAY THE GOLDEN STATE COACH MADE ITS APPEARANCE ON THE ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION, DRAWN BY THE WINDSOR GREYS: The rehearsal started before 7 a.m., the object being to test the assembly of the vehicles for the outward journey from the Palace and for the homeward journey from the Abbey. The drill passed off without a hitch, and at the moment depicted here the State coach is making the turn round the Victoria Memorial after passing beneath the triumphal arches of the Mall. Already the crowd was surging across the roadway.

London had a foretaste of Coronation pageantry last Sunday and the London police had a foretaste of the strenuous days confronting them before June 2. Contrary to all expectations, vast crowds swarmed into the heart of the capital last Sunday, and when the Coronation procession rehearsal began at 7 a.m. the people were massed along the Mall in force. Only a handful of police patrolled the route, and reinforcements had to be called. As a result, it was expected that the Traffic Control Committee Meeting at Scotland Yard would have to make fresh plans, drafting more police and radio cars into the West End in the days before the Coronation. Last Sunday's rehearsal was certainly a clear-cut indication of the mounting popular enthusiasm. Officially this parade of the Queen's coach and escorts from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey was a semi-private technical exercise, but the crowds made it a day of holiday, and the result was that by last Sunday evening cars and buses were standing bumper to bumper on most of the main thoroughfares in the West End, creating one of the biggest traffic jams in London's history.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

1953 CIDER-SAMPLING AT LONG ASHTON

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS IN THE CIDER-HOUSE: Cider-sampling at the Long Ashton Research Station of the University of Bristol, where the vintages of 1953 have been offered to the connoisseurs. Altogether there were over twenty different samples for tasting this year, some of them ciders and some of them perries.

Cider-sampling day at Long Ashton Research Station has long since become a yearly event, attracting in years gone by over a thousand visitors for this delightful pastime of tasting the vintage. But such large numbers often swamped the proceedings, and it was a much more orderly and specially invited audience of about 200 that sat and followed the usual rituals for the products of 1953. The programme began with a group of perries, mainly from single varieties. Then followed ciders from single varieties, both from pure yeast fermentation and carbonated by different methods of champagnisation. There were over twenty different samples for tasting. Perhaps the best of the perries was the No. 5—a blend of two types of Huffcap (Black and Chandos). Of the ciders, opinions varied between the medium sweet and sweet—from Kingston Black, with natural carbonation and artificial. The connoisseurs also tasted four ciders fermented by four different varieties of yeast. Professor T. Wallace, C.B.E., M.C., the Director at Long Ashton, opened the proceedings. It was only natural that the toast at the sampling, in cider, was—"To cider."

VOTING ON THE 1953 VINTAGE: Experts sampling the ciders of Long Ashton. The proceedings, attended by about 200 persons, took place in the specially cleared cider-house.

BRISTOL'S FINE SPRING FLORAL SHOW

LOOKING ITS BEST IN CORONATION YEAR: Buses, ships and flowers all merge together in a colourful picture right in the heart of Bristol. These gardens occupy an unsightly car park of the war years. Before the war it was Bristol's Tramway Centre, a point where several routes converged.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

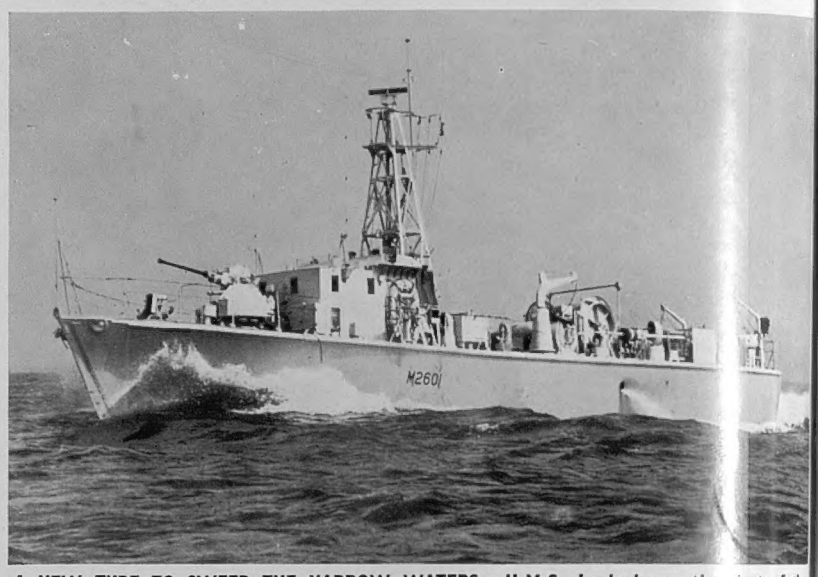
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Coronation and the Shop Window.—I shall write no more Newsletters until the Coronation is over. Special numbers of THE SPHERE are prized historical documents. I have kept them carefully for decades, and I have found them immensely valuable in my own work. They do not deal in matters beyond or outside their special purpose, and for a couple of weeks, news, other than Coronation news, is no news—unless, of course, David Divine's thrilling and shockingly "suggestive" *Atom at Spithead* creates unwelcome priority news! *Absit omen.* It is my prayer that it will be all right on the day, that the sun will shine from a cloudless sky, and that all will be glory and grandeur, glitter and gaiety, until night falls on the crowning of our young and beloved Queen. We have been intensively engaged on the preparations for about half-a-year. It seems a long time. Sometimes I have felt that it has engaged the time and attention of too many people longer than conditions warranted. But it is a world event, and our reputation for staging such events is very high—unique—and must be preserved. Sometimes I have thought the pageantry and the "cakes and ale" have been played up much higher than the solemnity of this service of dedication. Something has been done of late to redress the balance. Press and radio largely cater for fairly superficial minds, and those minds have, indeed, been surfeited with the fare they enjoy. The ink poured out in the last months on Royal *trivia* would float the fleet at Spithead. Royalties have "paid" with a vengeance. Royalty has been commercialised, with advantages to the shrewd, as never before in our history, and our national shop window displays no other goods. Royalty itself is cashing in. Even charity cashes in with invitations "to meet the Prince" (orders and decorations) at grand banquets, but the chosen guest gets no dinner until his cheque has been cashed. It is "five guineas a night and your dinner." We are a nation of shopkeepers, and charity shrewdly and deplorably cashes in on the trade boom. Naturally, also, the export drive must cash in. Thousands of Englishmen must long to secure seats to view the procession, but the dollar men have longer purses, and the dollars are preferred to local sterling, which pipes in a lower key. It is natural, it is reasonable, it is prudent, it is English. And it is much too late in the day and in English history for canons to thunder from the pulpit against our commercialism. But our hearts are right, our loyalty is there, our sympathy and humanity are neither specious nor forced nor commercialised, and on the day, at the solemn hour, most of those who watch or follow the solemn and glorious rite will remember what our young Queen is thinking and promising, and will rejoice and be glad with a prayer for her, and perhaps with a self-dedication on their own account to higher things and nobler ideals henceforth. Good resolutions that peter out are better than none at all.

The Old Diplomacy—and the New.—British prestige in the international field (we are sometimes cheered to hear) is gaining ground again under Sir Winston Churchill's Government. As "deputy" at the F.O., his latest speech is signal evidence that world statesmanship is no lost art in Britain. Nevertheless, the signs of the times do not always confirm this belief. Perhaps the art is not allowed sufficient freedom to express itself. Neither in Korea, nor in Egypt do we observe signs of the influence of British diplomacy making itself felt successfully, and many another small or backward nation goes on its way and pursues its aims without much deference to British prestige. Those who sigh for the return of a Palmerston are sadly unrealistic, but their nostalgia does raise the question of whether Palmerston would ever have cut much ice if he had not had a well-armed "gunboat" behind his altimata. And if our "successful" Foreign Secretaries in the days of our greatness were no more than the figure-heads of well-found ships-of-war, we can understand why the great Sir Winston and his Ministers, who all took office with a libellous reputation for warmongering to kill, must suffer patiently under humiliations from great friendly States and small snarling States in the international kennel and manage to exist on a very small ration of diplomatic bones. It is not surprising that the older school diplomats deplore that for so many vital years since the '30's, the Foreign Office, trained to the job which Palmerston once taught and excelled in, has been superseded and thwarted with terrible consequences in wars and national humiliation. This is certainly not the whole burden of Sir Walford Selby's provocative book, but the idea is present in some of his arguments which suggest that righteous indignation has outrun documentary proof. I am not convinced that our "great days of diplomacy" were great because our Palmerstons had free rein; rather because our gunboats had free range. The new diplomacy must make do without the sanction behind the hint.

Toy Dictators.—The intransigence of Neguib and Mossadek are no doubt based on the principles and practices of Hitler. Like Hitler, both of these minor dictators "have something" in the way of qualities, a genius for demagogy, a power to impress the discontented and the hothead, to whip up nationalistic grievances to white heat and themselves to rise to supreme power on the wave they create. Yet compared with them, Hitler, in many ways a mean and pinchbeck man, appears even to-day a great dictator, for at least he bluffed on strong hands and had power behind his wordy punches, if it was necessary, as sometimes it was, to win his way by more than bluff. Neguib and Mossadek have no such power behind their punches. No one in the world puts any faith in Neguib's assurance that the Egyptian Army, well fitted for sabotage and stabbing in the back, is now highly qualified to defend the Canal Zone or that Egypt can find technicians to control the vast and intricate installations which are essential to that defence. No one outside Persia believes that Mossadek is capable of making his country a prosperous, self-supporting nation. These two men seem sometimes like spoiled children who have staged nursery revolutions, dismissed their parents, sacked the nurse and promised to cook their own dinners, make the beds and clean their own necks and teeth. No one outside their little Bedlams doubts that when night falls they will welcome with tears the return of nanny with the usual bread and milk. Meanwhile, it upsets the larger household, will mean a lot of tidying up, and cause a deal of trouble to the little victims of their vanity. But since the birch is ruled out as a weapon of diplomacy, nursery revolutions are the fashion and succeed up to a point.

THE FIRST OF THE NAVY'S INSHORE MINESWEEPERS



A NEW TYPE TO SWEEP THE NARROW WATERS: H.M.S. *Inglesham*, the first of the class of the inshore minesweepers to be accepted into naval service, has been built by Messrs. J. Samuel White and Co., Ltd., of Cowes, Isle of Wight, the parent firm for the class. She is 106 ft. in length, with a beam of 21 ft. The vessel is of Oposite construction with light alloy frames and is timber-bottomed. Equipped to deal with contact and influence mines, she will be able to operate in very shallow waters, especially rivers and estuaries. H.M.S. *Inglesham's* Diesel machinery is by Davey Paxman, of Colchester.

Constant Readers.—Most journalists must sometimes see a certain parallel between Neguib or Mossadek and some of their "constant readers." For Neguib is delighted to receive and honour Mr. Dulles, for example, and discuss with him the problems of the Canal Zone, yet his welcome only extends so far as Mr. Dulles supports Neguib's arguments *in toto*. There is no other side to the question. So with the "Constant Reader," sometimes. So long as the journalist exactly echoes the reader's political views, he may continue in his job, without encouragement but without threats or insults. But should the journalist once voice an opinion which differs from that held by his reader, then the bludgeon comes out and the long knife is unsheathed. And that is odd, because "Constant Reader" is a passionate upholder of freedom for speech and opinion—his own opinion of course. I like criticism and enjoy letters from readers, and I get plenty which are flattering or civil and sensible, and they influence me a lot. But I have composed a printed slip for those who tell the Editor to sack me or write to me direct with barbarous ill-manners. It runs: "Sir, I have made it a rule for twenty-five years not to make a reasoned reply to

those who criticise me rudely, intemperately or vindictively. Such letters I deal with as I deal with anonymous or blackmailing letters. They swell the paper-salvage drive via the waste-paper basket."

Local Elections.—No doubt at all, Labour has won a great success at the local Council elections. They have made signal net gains and obtained control in several important places. No doubt, local elections, even more than parliamentary, are decided on personalities and parish-pump issues. Therefore, while the Government need not be unduly depressed by the results, the ratepayers will be so, and the whole nation and both chief parties should take to heart one very definite pointer. The Government of Sir Winston Churchill has a good record of 1½ years in office, but however good, however it may increase its reputation, it will not for years to come bite into the solid, obstinate core of Socialist supporters. The core represents half the electorate. The floating vote is small. The waverers can give either side a bare majority. Accordingly, a General Election this year or next can only produce the same semi-stalemate to which we are used, and there can be no purpose in it. M.P.s must go on being flogged to death by whips, and small majorities rule the day and shape policy. There is every reason for Sir Winston Churchill to stay in office, continue the good work, and wait and see if the cat jumps differently in 1956 or thereabouts.

Sir Winston Thrives on It.—That our Premier is a marvel no one in the world disputes, historically, medically, literally a superman and a portent. And the columnists are now saying that he is growing fatter and stronger on his particular form of gluttony—hard work. With the F.O. hoist on his heavily-burdened shoulders, he finds the air of Downing Street more bracing than Skegness. But for more than the obvious reasons I wish Mr. Eden a quick return to health and his office. The Premier is approaching eighty, and though men (very rarely) be so strong that they give their best at four-score years without labour or sorrow, yet men like Gladstone or Loreburn are exceptional, and even Nature's masterpiece among camels breaks its back with the last straw. We have come to think that Sir Winston is always right—that is, those of us who do not think he is nearly always wrong—and yet, I suppose, never before in history has a Premier needed more time for cool reflection before making even the most apparently trivial answer or statement in public. Certain it is that his answer on the question of the American bribe for MIG betrayal jolted his admirers in every walk of life. For my part, I fervently wish him the relics of free time which his own functions afford him.

Petworth House.—Last week, on a fine May day, Mr. Macmillan opened Petworth to the public under the National Trust by invitation of Mr. John Wyndham. He and Lord Esher made admirable speeches before the great west front. It was a day which revealed its glories inside and outside at their best. Outside, the vast building is grand rather than beautiful, and the east front is no great shakes. But the park is fine and would show to better advantage from the house if Nature had sloped the foreground to admit a wider view of the lake from the lower rooms. The public has had few opportunities over the centuries to view the glories inside. The grim walls have hid it and turned the town into "concentric bottlenecks." It is a treasure house indeed, and a unique museum of a way of life, still lived a generation ago, to-day dead as ancient Athens. Its memories of greatness go back to the Percys of the twelfth century and that proud Duke of Somerset who rebuilt in the seventeenth century, and of the 3rd Earl of Egremont, who completed it in the eighteenth century. This eccentric was a great patron of Art, and Turner lived in his house. The best of Turner's work, the chief glories of Grinling Gibbons, examples of the art of the greatest painters of all times and climes, glorify its vast communicating reception rooms, and its treasures are beyond computation. Walpole smacked his lips over them. Creevey stayed there with Sefton and catalogued minutely the oddities of the regime and the merits of the pictures, revealing the change in artistic taste in a century. The Leconfields, inheritors from the Egremonts, kept it up in state until the Second World War made it impossible to do so, hunting hounds and doing admirably their county duties, until the death of Charles, Lord Leconfield, a year or two ago. And now the great house, save for a wing, ceases to be a family home and joins its peers as a living memorial of another age. It deserves to reap a harvest of half-crowns, and I think it will for some time to come.

THE OLD STAGER

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HERALDING THE CORONATION

The First of Two Special Double Numbers, With Coloured Cover and Pages in Colour, Touching the Crowning of Queen Elizabeth II

NOËL COWARD, AND THE RETURN OF G. B. SHAW'S "THE APPLE CART"

PROTEUS PROTESTS: "This is what I have to put up with when I am on the verge of a nervous breakdown," complains the overtaxed Prime Minister (Laurence Naismith), the very epitome of a bearded Victorian statesman. Amanda (Betty Warren) is appealing to the Prime Minister not to make a scene, telling him: "You asked for it, you know." This revival of *The Apple Cart*, Shaw's great political diatribe, is directed by Michael MacOwan.

Quite the most successful of Bernard Shaw's later plays was *The Apple Cart*, which was produced in 1929 at the first Malvern Festival inaugurated by Sir Barry Jackson. The Shavian king with a passionate interest in politics now has a new and interesting interpreter, none other than Noël Coward, who in the revival of the play at the Haymarket Theatre has scored a great personal success, though a somewhat unexpected success, for it is even now difficult to regard this as a good part for Coward. He is at his best in the scene in Orinthia's boudoir, where Margaret Leighton's scintillating performance matches his own. The final scene, of course, belongs to Mr. Vanhattan, the American Ambassador (played by Cecil Trouncer), who gives a richly humorous sketch as the unctuous Ambassador who arrives with the startling announcement that America has torn up the Declaration of Independence and is willing to merge in the British Empire. The scenery and costumes are by Loudon Sainthill.

THE CELEBRATED SCENE IN ORINTHIA'S BOUDOIR: King Magnus (Noël Coward), asked by Orinthia (Margaret Leighton) whether she is "worth it or not," replies: "To me who love beauty, yes. But you should hear the speeches Balbus makes about your pension." Mr. Coward plays his part with accomplished ease, although he has obviously had quite a task in mastering the longer Shavian rhythm, which compares so markedly with the staccato sentences of his own dramatic creation. In the last act the part of the Queen is played by Alexis France.

TORNADO HAVOC IN AMERICA

SEVERE STORMS CAUSE THE LOSS OF 87 LIVES IN TEXAS ALONE

There has been an old Indian legend that Waco is the only town in Texas immune from tornadoes, those great spring winds which sweep across the plains of America with such all-destroying force. Now the legend is dead, and the people of Waco are counting the cost in lives and material of the disaster which has overtaken them. They are not the only people affected by the recent tornadoes in America, which ranged over Georgia, Alabama, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska and Kansas, but the Waco disaster was the worst, and next to it came the destruction of San Angelo, a West Texas city, where nine lives were lost. Waco, with a population of about 90,000, is a metropolis of Central Texas, and has been a cotton centre since pioneering days. San Angelo has a population of 55,000, and calls itself the wool-growing centre of the world.

The approach of the tornado at Waco was almost silent. Some of the victims, indeed, got their first warning from a horrible suction that lifted them off their feet and threw them against crumbling walls and buildings. Damage in Waco is estimated at about 25,000,000 dollars. About seventy people were killed in the town, and over 400 were injured. The tornado destroyed or damaged every building in an area of about twenty blocks. A small part of the residential section was also damaged, but only slightly.

Rescue workers dug into the wreckage at Waco with giant cranes, shovels and their bare hands. Entire buildings were caved in, and cars were crushed like eggshells, and on every hand power lines lay limp and treacherous. Red Cross and Service workers have played a tremendous part in relief work. The troops from Connolly Air Force base have helped to patrol the area of devastation.

THE TEXAS COTTON TOWN OF WACO DEVASTATED BY THE FURY OF THE STORM : This aerial view shows some of the extensive property damage in Waco, where a tornado struck with deadly fury. Downtown Waco was left a twisted mass of crumbled steel and brickwork and broken concrete. It hit Waco in the course of a blinding rainstorm, and the inhabitants had little warning of the disaster that was about to overtake them.

BRICKS, BEAMS AND OTHER DEBRIS FORM A NIGHTMARISH PATTERN IN DEVASTATED WACO : The principal department store, a six-storey building in Waco, folded like an accordeon, and a broken water main hampered the rescuers who sought to pull the injured from the building. Martial law was declared in the town after the disaster.

HEAVY EQUIPMENT TO THE RESCUE : Civilian, Army and Air Force workers joined in operations in Waco, and they had at their disposal cranes, bulldozers and other equipment. In the first twenty-four hours sixty-one bodies were recovered.

IN NEBRASKA AND KANSAS THE TRAIL OF HAVOC AND DISASTER CONTINUED, THE SPRING TORNADOES CAUSING GREAT LOSS OF LIFE AND DAMAGE TO PROPERTY : *Left*—The Sacred Heart Church at Hebron, Nebraska, after the tornado. A mural of Christ and the altar were untouched, but the rest of the church, the adjoining rectory and the school were destroyed. *Right*—The remains of a barn near Scandia, Kansas, after the "twister" had passed, cutting a swath of destruction across the State.

TENSION in the CANAL ZONE

Precautionary Measures by the British Garrison Follow Renewed Egyptian Threats and Attacks

At the beginning of April Egyptian attacks on British troops and installations in the Suez Canal Zone began again, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Minister of State, told a disturbed House of Commons of the increasing frequency and seriousness of such incidents. Soldiers have been fired on and British vehicles have been stolen, and General Festing, the General Officer Commanding British troops in Egypt, has had to take the precaution of establishing check-points on the treaty road between Cairo and Ismailia and on the Cairo-Suez road in order to prevent the smuggling of arms into and British vehicles out of the Canal Zone.

Meanwhile officers of General Neguib's Revolutionary Council have toured Suez carrying a "liberation message" to the population. They were greeted by thousands of Egyptian workers with yells of: "We are the Mau Maus of the Canal," "Out with the British" and "No Occupation after this day."

There are indications however, that for political reasons the Egyptian Government is not anxious to provoke further violence, at least for the time being.

BRITISH TROOPS ERECT BARBED WIRE AND SANDBAG BARRICADES IN THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE: This picture was taken near Ismailia, the scene of many of the incidents between British forces and Egyptians during the disturbances which occurred towards the end of 1951. In the face of General Neguib's recent threats against British forces in the Canal Zone, measures are being taken to ensure that troops and installations are adequately protected from possible surprise attacks.

A BRITISH ROAD BLOCK NEAR A BRIDGE OVER THE SWEET WATER CANAL, WHICH RUNS THROUGH ISMAILIA: Another road block has been erected on the Cairo-Suez desert road, where all traffic entering the Canal Zone is being searched for explosives and arms. At Kafr Abdou, near Suez, Egyptians opened fire with small-arms on the filtration plant, and the British garrison returned their fire. There were no British casualties.

A CYCLIST RIDING PAST A BRITISH BARRICADE IN THE CANAL ZONE: Colonel Gamal Nasser, spokesman of the Egyptian regime on the Canal Zone question, is reported to have accused British troops of "forty-three cases of brutal aggressive action" against Egyptian citizens, but the fact that his statement was issued only to the foreign Press may indicate that the Egyptians are not anxious to excite a recurrence of violence on the part of their own people, at least for the time being.

On left—

THE BRITISH LIGHT CRUISER, H.M.S. "BERMUDA," ANCHORED AT PORT SAID: The 8,000-ton *Bermuda* arrived at Port Said on May 13, and was joined a few days later by three destroyers, the *Chequers*, the *Cheviot* and the *Chevron*, all of 1,710 tons.

Foreign News in Pictures

FROM EUROPE, AFRICA, AND AMERICA

Members of President Eisenhower's Administration; Marshal Juin in Morocco; the 700th Anniversary of Stockholm; Queen Juliana Visits Norway; New Colours for the 2nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry; the Continuing Struggle Against Mau Mau

MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S ADMINISTRATION SIT FOR THEIR FIRST OFFICIAL GROUP PHOTOGRAPH BEFORE THE START OF A RECENT MEETING: Clockwise around the table are Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jnr., permanent Member of the American United Nations delegation; Mr. Douglas McKay, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. George H. Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Richard Nixon, the Vice-President; Mr. Herbert Brownell, the Attorney-General; Mr. Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of Commerce; Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare; Mr. Sherman Adams, Presidential Assistant; Mr. Joseph M. Dodge, Budget Director; Mr. Arthur S. Flemming, Acting Defence Mobiliser; Mr. Martin P. Durkin, Secretary of Labour; Mr. Arthur Summerfield, Postmaster-General; Mr. John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State; President Eisenhower; Mr. Charles Erwin Wilson, Secretary of Defence; Mr. Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture; and Mr. Harold Stassen, Mutual Security Director. Standing in the background are Mr. Philip Young, Civil Service Chairman (left), and Mr. Robert Cutler, National Security Assistant to the President.

MARSHAL JUIN, INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE FRENCH ARMED FORCES, VISITS MOROCCO: He is seen in smiling conversation with the Pasha of Fez, whom he had just decorated. During his stay in Morocco he had talks with the Sultan and in the Middle Atlas he was greeted by some 100,000 Berber tribesmen. The Marshal reviewed ex-Servicemen and Moroccan troops and inaugurated a new avenue in Casablanca. In a speech there he spoke of the new North African Nationalism, which, he said, was using treacherous methods to achieve its ends.

THE CITY OF STOCKHOLM ASSUMES A FAIRY-TALE LOOK AS THE LIGHTS GO UP TO CELEBRATE ITS 700TH ANNIVERSARY: A vast crowd is seen filling the "King's Garden" in Stockholm, where King Gustav and Queen Louise had earlier conducted the opening ceremony. *Inset on right*: Herald and trumpeters announcing the start of the celebrations.

Since the thirteenth century, when Birger Jarl, a prominent statesman of his time, built a castle fortress on a site that was continually being over-run by pirates and other hostile tribes, Stockholm, as it is now called, has grown from an impregnable fortified town to a populous and beautiful capital city. Stockholm has survived at least three historic sieges and a series of disastrous fires which occurred between the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but its position to-day is one of the safest in Europe—indeed, it is claimed that no shot has been fired against Stockholm for over 500 years.

The celebrations for the seventh centenary began on May 8 with the official opening in the Kungstradgarden (the "King's Garden"), which was once the Royal kitchen garden, but is now one of the city's most popular parks, and will go on until mid-September. There will be 700 different events, ranging from Gala Opera performances to displays by the Army, Navy and Air Force.

QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS PAYS AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO NORWAY: The Queen, who was accompanied on her visit by Prince Bernhard, is seen walking from her aircraft at Oslo with King Haakon of Norway. Crown Prince Olav of Norway was with the King to welcome their guests at the airport. Oslo was decorated with the Dutch and Norwegian colours and Queen Juliana was given a warm reception by the people. After laying a wreath at the patriots' monument at Akershus Castle, the Queen paid a visit to Oslo's new Town Hall. She returned to Holland a few days later.

NEW COLOURS ARE PRESENTED TO THE 2ND BATTALION DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY—THE REV. R. J. F. MAYSTON BLESSING THE COLOURS IN A DRUMHEAD SERVICE AT WUPPERTAL, GERMANY : General Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who presented the Colours on behalf of the Queen, is seen on right. In the presence of Major-General B. A. Coad, Commander of the 2nd Infantry Division, and the Mayor of Durham, the battalion marched on parade headed by the regimental band, and after an inspection, formed a square for the consecration. The Colours were then presented.

THE TROOPS DOUBLE PAST IN REVIEW ORDER DURING THE PRESENTATION OF THE QUEEN'S COLOUR TO THE 2ND BATTALION DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY : The presentation of the Colours took place thirteen months after the Battalion had been re-created. The Colours of the 2nd Battalion were first presented in 1912.

PREFABRICATING A CARGO VESSEL IN A SAN FRANCISCO SHIPYARD : A 70-ton prefabricated bow-section being lowered into position on the hull of the vessel by two big cranes. The ship is the *Golden Mariner*, one of five high-speed freighters which are being built in San Francisco. The bow-section was shored up after being placed into position and was welded to the main hull structure. It is expected that the *Golden Mariner* will be launched later this year.

UNDER THE PROTECTION OF A FOREST OF LOYAL SPEARS, KIKUYU WOMEN AND CHILDREN ATTEND A MEETING OF THE HOME GUARD, WHERE MEASURES AGAINST MAU MAU WERE BEING DISCUSSED : One of the happier features of the Mau Mau rising in Kenya has been the astonishing courage of many of the Kikuyu, who have stoutly supported the forces of law and order in what has virtually become a Kikuyu civil war. They have persisted in their loyalty in spite of such atrocities as the Lari massacre, for which seventeen tribesmen were sentenced to death on May 13, while many more are still on trial. In recent weeks Mau Mau terrorists have adopted new tactics, working in large gangs and becoming considerably bolder in their attacks on security forces. There has also been an increase in the number of firearms the terrorists are using. Patrols of the King's African Rifles have been ambushed in the forests of the Nyeri and Fort Hall areas by gangs numbering 200 or more, and in one case a Bren gun was recovered from the raiders. It was identified as a weapon stolen when a Kenya Regiment patrol was ambushed.

AFRICAN POLICE STAND BY IN CASE OF TROUBLE AS A NAIROBI SLUM MARKET IS DESTROYED FOR SECURITY REASONS : This was the Kariokor native market, notorious as a meeting-place for Mau Mau terrorists and organisers. Shanty villages in Nairobi, which were erected unlawfully and were hotbeds of Mau Mau conspiracy, have also been destroyed.

NORWAY'S ROYAL WEDDING

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS RAGNHILD

Two hours before the wedding of Princess Ragnhild and Mr. Erling Lorentzen the country lanes leading to the village church of Asker were thronged with schoolchildren and grown-ups, for this was a wedding with a fairy-tale quality, the daughter of the Crown Prince, a girl who had grown up in their midst, marrying the man to whom she had become betrothed despite initial Royal opposition. Public interest was also great because this was the first wedding of a Norwegian Princess in Norway for 600 years.

All Norway was able to hear on the radio a broadcast of the service. They heard the firm responses of the bride and bridegroom as they made their vows at the altar before Bishop Eiving Berggrav, an ailing priest who insisted on officiating despite his health, for he has known Princess Ragnhild since the days of her childhood.

As Princess Ragnhild left the altar on the arm of her bridegroom she first curtsied to King Haakon, the bridegroom bowing low. From the church door they passed through a guard of honour of Asker Sunday-school children, dressed in blue, with red jackets. The children all held posies of spring flowers.

Princess Margaret's visit to Norway was first and foremost to represent her sister Queen Elizabeth at the Royal wedding, but she also made several appearances in Oslo, and was on the Palace balcony together with King Haakon and Crown Prince Olav when 20,000 children from Oslo's fifty-three schools marched in procession past the Palace last Sunday to celebrate Norwegian National Festival Day. The Princess also visited Thor Heyerdahl, who showed her the celebrated *Kon-Tiki* raft.

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH AT ASKER: Princess Ragnhild, elder daughter of the Crown Prince of Norway, and Mr. Erling Lorentzen, a Norwegian shipowner, seen as they knelt before Bishop Berggrav when they were married in accordance with the ritual of the Norwegian Lutheran Church

THE WEDDING GROUP TAKEN AT THE BRIDE'S HOME AT SKAUGUM, THE RESIDENCE OF CROWN PRINCE OLAV OF NORWAY: From left to right are seen Mrs. Lorentzen (the bridegroom's mother), Crown Prince Olav (the bride's father), Princess Ragnhild, Mr. Erling Lorentzen, the Crown Princess of Norway, and Mr. Lorentzen, Senior (the bridegroom's father).

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAD THE PROCESSION FROM THE VILLAGE CHURCH AT ASKER: The procession passing school children who stood as a guard of honour carrying posies

PRINCESS MARGARET LEFT THE CHURCH WITH PRINCE BERTIL: The Princess wore a white and silver dress with a tiara. She also wore two medallions presented to her by Queen Elizabeth.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DRIVE AWAY FROM THE CHURCH AFTER THEIR WEDDING: Although Asker is in the country, thousands of people lined the route from the church to Crown Prince Olav's home, where the reception took place. Many of them knew Princess Ragnhild personally, as she grew up at Asker. To the general delight, the drive was extended over three miles.

THE WEIR, THE INTAKE STRUCTURE AND THE POWER STATION IN THE KESHYA RAVINE—A VITAL FACTOR IN THE GREAT KAFUE POWER SCHEME DESIGNED TO BRING CHEAP HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER TO THE NORTHERN RHODESIAN COPPER BELT AND TO THE RHODESIAS GENERALLY: The weir will be about 70 ft. in height and about 325 ft. in length at the top, along which will run a service road. Overhead power lines will carry the electric power to distributing points. The sides of the ravine are so steep that large quantities of rock will have to be cut away in order to make "benches" on which to build the various structures. The main power station is some miles below the dam, on the Kafue River, but as there is no sufficiently high ground near this main power station a single-stage scheme has not been possible. The difficulty has been met by making a two-stage scheme, with this upper power station receiving its supplies from the dam by way of a tunnel. The tail water discharging into the ravine will be held up by the weir forming a forebay, and it will be diverted therefrom into a second pressure tunnel leading to the lower power station. High ground on the tunnel line will provide the necessary pressure.

KAFUE POWER

The Mighty Hydro-Electric Scheme for the Kafue Gorge Will Bring Industrial Wealth to the Rhodesias

By B. J. HURREN

WITH DRAWINGS BY VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

MORE than 2,500 years ago, the leading prophet of the Old Testament foretold that "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Magnificent as was his conception so many years ago, it did not even vaguely approach the awe-inspiring scope of the schemes which British engineers have planned and are to put into effect in Central Africa.

That comparatively little is known about these staggering projects is the fault of British engineers who, as a class, are the least publicity-conscious people of all professionals. Like Wren, they are mostly content to let their works stand as their memorial, or even their introduction to further constructions. But since in the case of Central Africa many of these works are unlikely to be seen in the next ten or even twenty years by more than a handful of people, the occasion of the formal official permission to proceed with the Kafue Gorge project of hydro-electric power is a milestone in the story of Africa at which one may appropriately pause to scan far horizons.

First, it is necessary to have the geographical state clearly in mind. Kafue, a minor "town" of Northern Rhodesia, lies 200 miles north-west of Salisbury, capital of Southern Rhodesia, and about 30 miles south of Lusaka, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, which comparatively recently replaced Livingstone in that regard.

"Town" is a grandiose term for Kafue; it is far smaller than Lusaka, which, in turn, with a population of only 5,000, is much smaller than, say, Henley-on-Thames. Northern Rhodesia itself, set in the very heart of Africa, is roughly five times the size of England and Wales; has a total population of 1,741,000, of whom only 28,800 are Europeans. Its density of population is six per square mile (England's is 753), and thus the term "wide open spaces" may be fittingly applied.

Across this country of sparse scrub, swamp and wilderness flow mighty tributaries to the Zambesi which, though not even in the first twenty-five longest rivers of the world, yet with its tributaries, of which the Kafue is one, spans three-quarters of Central Africa, and brings water from far-distant Angola and Belgian Congo, in the west and north-west, to Portuguese East Africa or Mozambique to the east.

Both Northern and Southern Rhodesia are land-locked; to "escape" this economic trap many projects have been considered, pursued and are still pending. All of the early schemes, which were particularly active in the period 1895–1905, hinged on railways to convey the products of the Rhodesias to the coast and, generally, open up trade. As to this,

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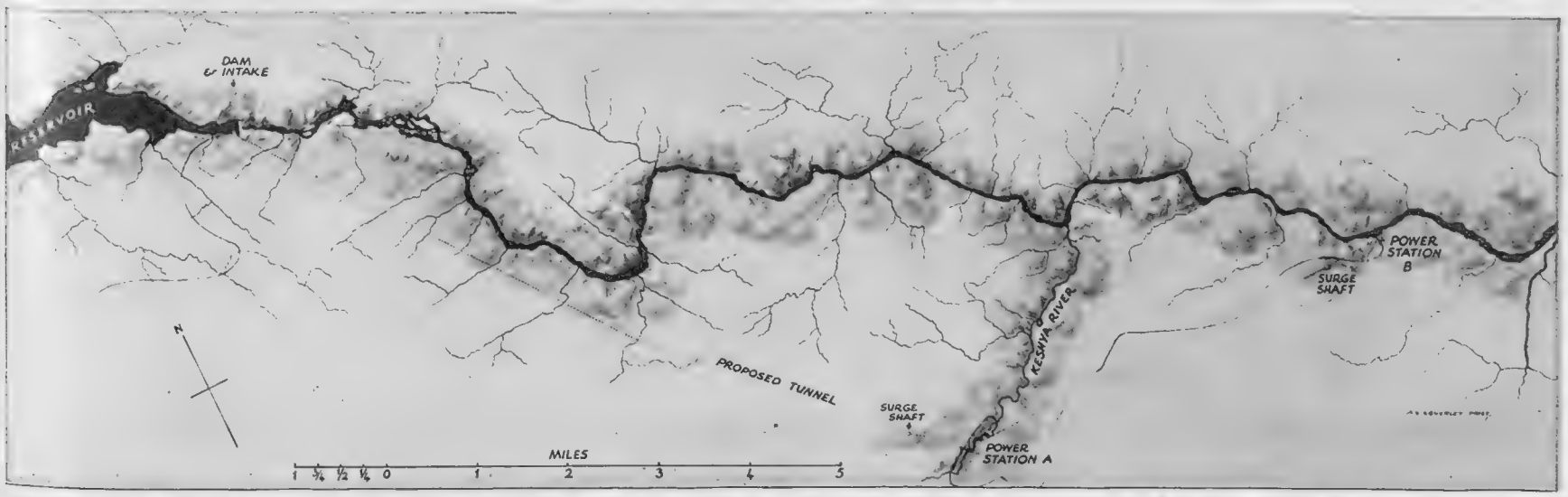

THE TWO-STAGE PLAN FOR HARNESSING THE WATERS OF THE KAFUE, THE ZAMBESI'S MIGHTY TRIBUTARY: This sketch-map of the Kafue Gorge shows the general arrangement of the Kafue River Hydro-Electric Project. On the left is a part of the reservoir that will be formed when the dam has been built. A tunnel some 8½ miles in length will lead from the reservoir to the upper power station in the Keshya Ravine, and the water will be diverted by a weir across this ravine into a second tunnel some 5 miles in length, leading to a second and lower power station on the right bank of the Kafue Gorge.

WHERE BRITISH ENGINEERS ARE TRANSFORMING THE FACE OF CENTRAL AFRICA: This drawing shows the Kafue dam as it will look when completed, with the intake structure on the left, a short distance above the dam. The water held back by the dam will form an elongated lake. The crest of the dam will be 600 ft. in length and about 100 ft. above the river-bed. It is a relatively small structure and, according to the engineers, it should not take more than two-and-a-half years to build. There will be three drum gates to pass the flood-water, so designed that they will open automatically when the water reaches a certain level and close again when it falls below this level. The dam will be constructed in two stages. In the first, the buttresses will be built in the dry between cofferdams, the upstream heads or diaphragms being omitted in the lower part. The water will meanwhile pass down the right half of the river. In the second stage, the right or spillway half of the dam will be constructed between cofferdams in the dry, the water passing between the buttresses of the left half, which is meanwhile being completed.

(*Continued from previous page*)

H. F. Varian's new book, *Some African Milestones*, is recommended reading. Suffice it that, great as he was, Cecil Rhodes has only limited claims as a developer of Central Africa. The great dream of the Cape-to-Cairo railway remains unfulfilled. His claims are largely visionary.

Some mention of the climate is necessary. In general, the terrain is plateau-type, above 5,000 ft., and scarred with the great tributaries of the Zambesi. In the day, it is more than quite warm, but the night brings a refreshing coolness. Terrible thunderstorms in parallel with cataracts of tropical rain are succeeded almost at once by serene skies and the cooling after-effects of watering the hot land.

Sombre undertone to the whole project is, of course, that both the Rhodesias need emigration from Europe. It is fine to have the Big Ideas for development—but all the schemes require the technical leadership and direction of the civilised world and more than all that, of course, they need the labour force.

With hind-sight, it seems that what Central Africa has really been waiting for is aviation, which enables hitherto impassable swamps, deserts and forests to be crossed readily; and, furthermore, for air survey technique to be used, to do in a fraction of the time what orthodox survey methods could not fulfil in years—as will be shown.

All the early development schemes basically went into abeyance on one factor: the supply of coal. One must remember, clearly, that Northern Rhodesia only came into being on August 17, 1911, and that it was only in 1924 that the British South Africa Co. was relieved of administration. The new capital, Lusaka, officially came into being as such on May 28, 1935. Those facts indicate the newness of the whole matter, since the 1939–45 war caused an unavoidable hiatus.

THE LOWER POWER STATION WHICH WILL FACE A WIDE POOL IN THE KAFUE GORGE: As in the case of the upper power station, the wall of the gorge will have to be benched back to make room for the building, and the construction of the approach road will also necessitate a great deal of cutting through rock. In this drawing three of the employees' bungalows can be seen to the left of the road. Several temporary construction camps will also be required to accommodate the labour force.

The inherent snag to development of the country, even in so short a time, rapidly became evident. There was not enough coal to work the mines, let alone supply power for towns that were confidently expected to grow rapidly. As for coal—for the projected railways and other industrialisation — that simply did not exist, and recourse to wood fuel was an expedient both unsatisfactory and self-evidently of short-term policy.

The clue to the matter lay in harnessing the mighty power of the Zambesi and its tributaries. To this end, post-1945, a scheme to build a hydro-electric plant at Kariba Gorge (also north-west of Salisbury, on the main river) initially found favour.

This scheme has been relegated in priority to the Kafue Gorge scheme, now approved by the Northern Rhodesia Legislature as to the expenditure of £28,000,000, of which some £15,000,000 concerns the power station plant. When completed, the Kafue Gorge hydro-electric project will supply power equivalent to 1,000,000 tons of coal—a figure which becomes all the more impressive by relating it to local coal production which, on fairly recent statistics, amounts to only 147 tons for the whole of Northern Rhodesia. This local production should be integrated also with the figures for copper production, which exceeds 210,000 tons, whilst many other valuable minerals are also already mined in quantity. On this picture, the Kafue Gorge project begins to take sensible shape, since it must precede ambitious overall development plans.

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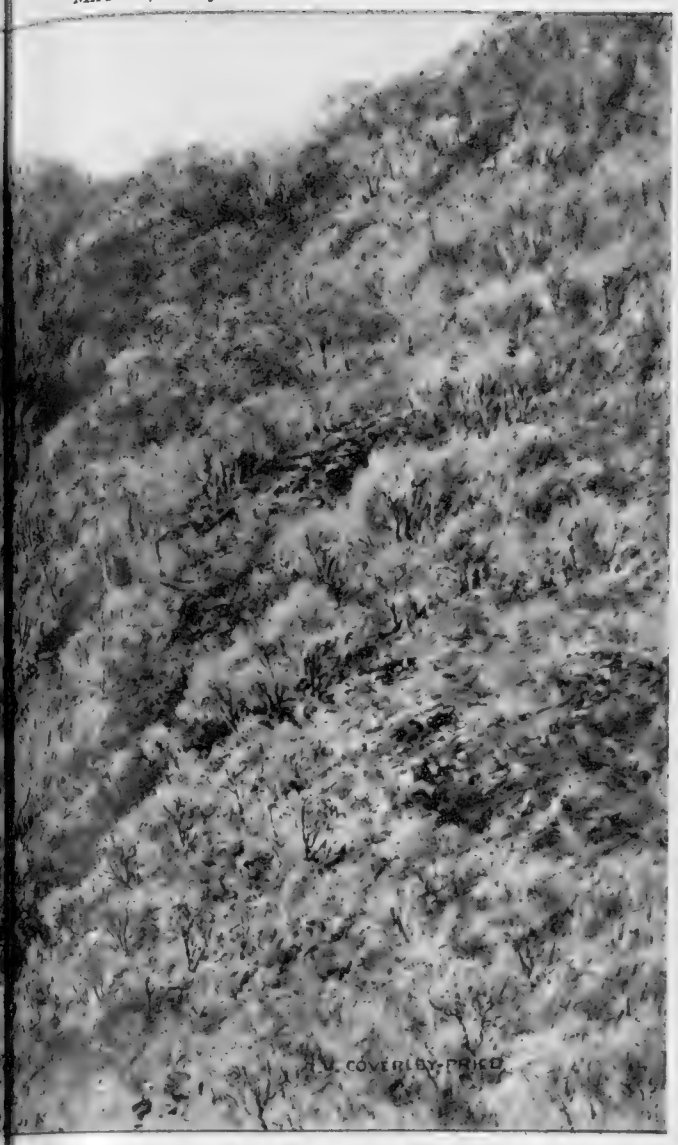


KAFUE POWER

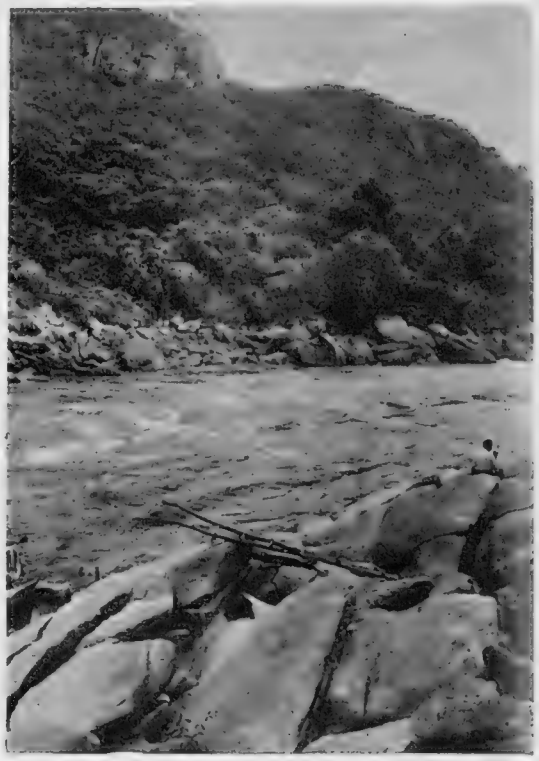
THE GREAT HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT FOR NORTHERN RHODESIA

THE GORGE OF THE KAFUE RIVER SEEN FROM THE AIR: The gorge affords an excellent site for the development of power on a large scale in a land that suffers seriously from power shortage through lack of coal. The only real disadvantage encountered by the engineers on the Kafue lies in the limited facilities for the storage of water to supplement the flow of the river in the dry season. There are, indeed, no practical storage sites nearer than the Meshi Tesho Gap, 200 miles up-stream. It is hoped eventually to link the Kariba Gorge scheme with the Kafue scheme. By installing additional plant at Kariba extra power could be generated there in the dry season to make good the shortages at Kafue, and thus enable the firm output of the latter to be very considerably increased.

On left—

THE KAFUE RAILWAY BRIDGE: The railway runs left to Kafue and Lusaka, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, and right to Livingstone. The Kafue Gorge lies in the far distance. The Kafue, one of the principal rivers of Northern Rhodesia, is a tributary of the Zambesi, which it joins at Chirundu about 25 miles down-stream of the Kariba Gorge. The Kafue River system is a complicated one. Rising on the frontier of the Belgian Congo, the river runs in a generally southerly direction to join the Lukanga, a large tributary emerging from a vast swamp. The river then flows firstly westward, and then southward to the Meshi Tesho Gap, where it cuts through a low ridge of hills. The Gap offers a possible site for a special storage dam.

KAFUE POWER: Harnessing a Great Zambesi Tributary



THE RUSHING WATERS OF THE KAFUE: This picture was taken in the gorges by Mr. Geoffrey Kennedy, of Kennedy and Donkin, Consulting Electrical Engineers, one of the consultants who signed the report on the Kafue Hydro-Electric Project submitted to the Government of Northern Rhodesia.

THE KAFUE RIVER DROPS THROUGH THE GORGES BEFORE ITS JUNCTION WITH THE ZAMBESI: This aerial view, looking westwards, shows the nature of the terrain in which the engineers have had to work when perfecting their plans for the Kafue Hydro-Electric Scheme. When they first arrived on the spot the engineers found the data very scanty, both as regards topographical surveys and hydrological records. They mapped the terrain from the air. After Sir William Halcrow, the London consulting civil engineer to the Northern Rhodesian Government, presented his report in January, it was decided to go ahead with the Kafue scheme and to give it preference over the Kariba Gorge scheme, which will be complementary.

TAKEN FROM THE SITE OF THE KAFUE DAM: *Left*—The view looking up-stream and (*right*) looking down-stream. These pictures were also taken by Mr. Geoffrey Kennedy during the course of a recent visit to Northern Rhodesia. The gorge is situated in rough country and very few people have visited it.

(*Concluded from page 302*)

The Kafue scheme owes its most constant advocacy to Mr. Gordon James who, ironically, died in Lusaka almost immediately after learning that the Legislature had given the "go ahead" signal. Lest this scheme be thought no more than a matter of planting a dam on a remote and untamed river, the following statistics, and comments on them, indicate that not without justice has this project been described by Sir William Halcrow as "one of the best projects for fifty years."

Sir William was chairman of a panel of four consulting engineers, appointed by the Government of Northern Rhodesia to report on the Kafue scheme, the other members being Messrs. H. J. F. Gourley, C. H. Pickworth and Geoffrey Kennedy.

As is almost always the case in development schemes, the first task was to secure accurate maps. To make a proper survey in this *African Queen* type of country might appal even the stoutest pioneers, but the advancement of air survey technique which works in conjunction with orthodox ground survey methods mastered this formidable task in a magic-carpet manner. A special high-flying Dakota of the Air Survey Co. Ltd., equipped with Eagle IX 6" survey cameras and instruments, actually photographed the vital area of the gorge in only two hours' flying time over the zone, though operating from a base at Salisbury. The flying time involved in this task was trivial, and a swift preliminary to some 900 hours' work in preparing the ultimate maps and printing them.

From this basic, on-the-spot survey, development planning began. The task of harnessing the Kafue River has only to be stated to be realised. "The river flows some 200 miles across a great flood plain known as the Kafue Flats, and then enters a narrow, rocky gorge, descending rapidly in a series of cataracts to the Zambesi Plain and crossing some 25 miles of this to join the Zambesi River at Chirundu. *Through the Kafue Gorge the river falls about* 1,900 *ft. in a distance of* 21.9 *miles, but the steepest descent is between miles* 4 *and* 15.7, *the fall in this* 11.7 *miles being* 1,727 *ft.* . . ."

The plan, in essence, is to construct a relatively small buttress dam, 600 ft. long and 100 ft. high, across the narrow gorge—below the railway and road bridges. On a longer term, possible expansion of this scheme is envisaged by developing storage up the river, and apart from any power supplied this in itself will open up very considerable agricultural possibilities: verily, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

This work, which is estimated to take 6¾ years, will require about 230,000 tons of materials and plant. Much more acute than the problem of transporting materials to the site is the labour problem. Six thousand Africans, guided by 360 Europeans, is the budget, and the establishment in such a tropical belt of "towns," colonies, camps, etc., for this force over such a period presents a first-class planning headache.

What will all this profit the Rhodesias? It is estimated that the project will result in 242 megawatts of power for use in both Northern and Southern Rhodesia at an estimated cost of a minute margin over ¼d. per kilowatt hour at sub-stations 240 miles distant on the copper-belt and in Southern Rhodesia.

Broad is the planning, vast the project—yet all this is as a curtain-raiser to the further development of this Central Africa theatre of industrial hope and endeavour. It is a mortifying thought that engineers shun publicity: if this writer had his way, at the expense of being labelled jingoist he would use the inescapable facts of this splendid and inspiring affair to confound the politicians who wilfully use the term "British Imperialism" as a phrase to mean exploitation of the natives. The memorial to Cecil Rhodes at Rondebosch states of him: "The immense and brooding spirit still shall quicken and control. Living he was the land, and dead he shall be her soul." It would be fitting if whatever wording is inscribed on the Kafue Gorge project were in the sense: "Men who heard us propound dreams have lived to see them encompassed by our actions—judge of us by them both."

AMERICAN STATESMEN GO

FACT-FINDING IN EGYPT

The U.S. Secretary of State and the Director of the Mutual Security Agency in Cairo; General Neguib's Speech at the Funeral of Egypt's Unknown Warrior

THE AMERICAN FACT-FINDERS ARRIVE IN CAIRO: Mr. John Foster Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State (left), and Mr. Harold Stassen, Director of Mutual Security (right), greeted by the Egyptian Foreign Minister, Mahmoud Fawzi (centre).

The recent speeches by Sir Winston Churchill and General Neguib on the question of the Canal Zone coincided, perhaps intentionally, with the short visit to Cairo of Mr. Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State. Sir Winston's warning that British troops in the Canal Zone were well able to take care of themselves, General Neguib's references to blood and sacrifice, and indications from both that American assistance would be superfluous, were not a happy omen for the American visit.

Moreover, Mr. Dulles failed to please the Egyptians, as their Press lost no time in announcing. "It appears," said the Egyptian newspaper *Al Misri*, "that Mr. Dulles did not come here to listen to our ideas and form an opinion, but to let us know that there was already an approved solution of the Canal question. Perhaps it is approved by England and America—perhaps by Israel also—but certainly not by Egypt."

On the other hand, there is reason to suppose that Egypt might resume negotiations for the future of the Canal Zone, if a face-saving formula for doing so could be found, and against a background of Anglo-American solidarity on the efficient maintenance of the base, Mr. Dulles's visit may result in a softening of General Neguib's intransigence.

THE EGYPTIAN DICTATOR WITH THE VISITING AMERICAN STATESMEN: In this picture, taken during one of the Cairo meetings, are (from left to right) Mr. Dulles, General Neguib, Mr. J. Caffery (the U.S. Ambassador to Egypt) and Mr. Stassen.

A PRESENT FROM AMERICA—MR. DULLES, THE UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF STATE, PRESENTING GENERAL NEGUIB WITH A SILVER-PLATED PISTOL: The gift was inscribed "To General Mohammed Neguib from his friend Dwight D. Eisenhower." *Below*—General Neguib examining the pistol and chatting to Mr. Dulles and the Egyptian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mahmoud Fawzi (extreme left).

"INDEPENDENCE CAN BE ACHIEVED ONLY BY SACRIFICE AND BLOOD"—GENERAL NEGUIB MAKING HIS RECENT FORTHRIGHT SPEECH AGAINST BRITAIN: His speech was made at a ceremony connected with the burial of the Egyptian "Unknown Warrior" of the Palestine War. *On the right* is a picture of the funeral procession, with Muslim, Christian and Jewish leaders following the gun-carriage. Addressing a large crowd, General Neguib, in a belligerent mood, exhorted them to face their enemies with a new front, saying little and saving their energy for work. They were, he said, approaching a big battle for which preparedness was vital. He reaffirmed the Egyptian view that the British evacuation from the Canal Zone should not be conditional or postponed.

THE SHORT S.B.5 IN FLIGHT—THE MOST SWEPT-BACK AIRCRAFT TO FLY SO FAR: The S.B.5 is a research aircraft built to investigate problems which arise in the handling of swept-back wing planes at high speeds. Mr. T. Brooke-Smith, chief test pilot for Short Brothers and Harland, of Belfast, has carried out all the test flights so far at an angle of 50 degs., but this angle of sweep-back will be gradually increased until a maximum of 69 degs. is reached. The angle of incidence of the tail plane can also be varied, and it can actually be done in flight, being set to any desired angle between 10 degs. above and 10 degs. below the horizontal. The new Short S.B.5 is one of Britain's most vitally important research aircraft, as also are the two Avro 707 types for delta-wing research developed by A. V. Roe of Manchester. With these machines Britain is indeed giving a decisive lead to the world in seeking the logical aircraft design of the future.

FLYING THE ADJUSTABLE WING AIRCRAFT

Britain's New Short S.B.5, a Research Aeroplane with Remarkable Characteristics, Shows Its Paces in the Sky

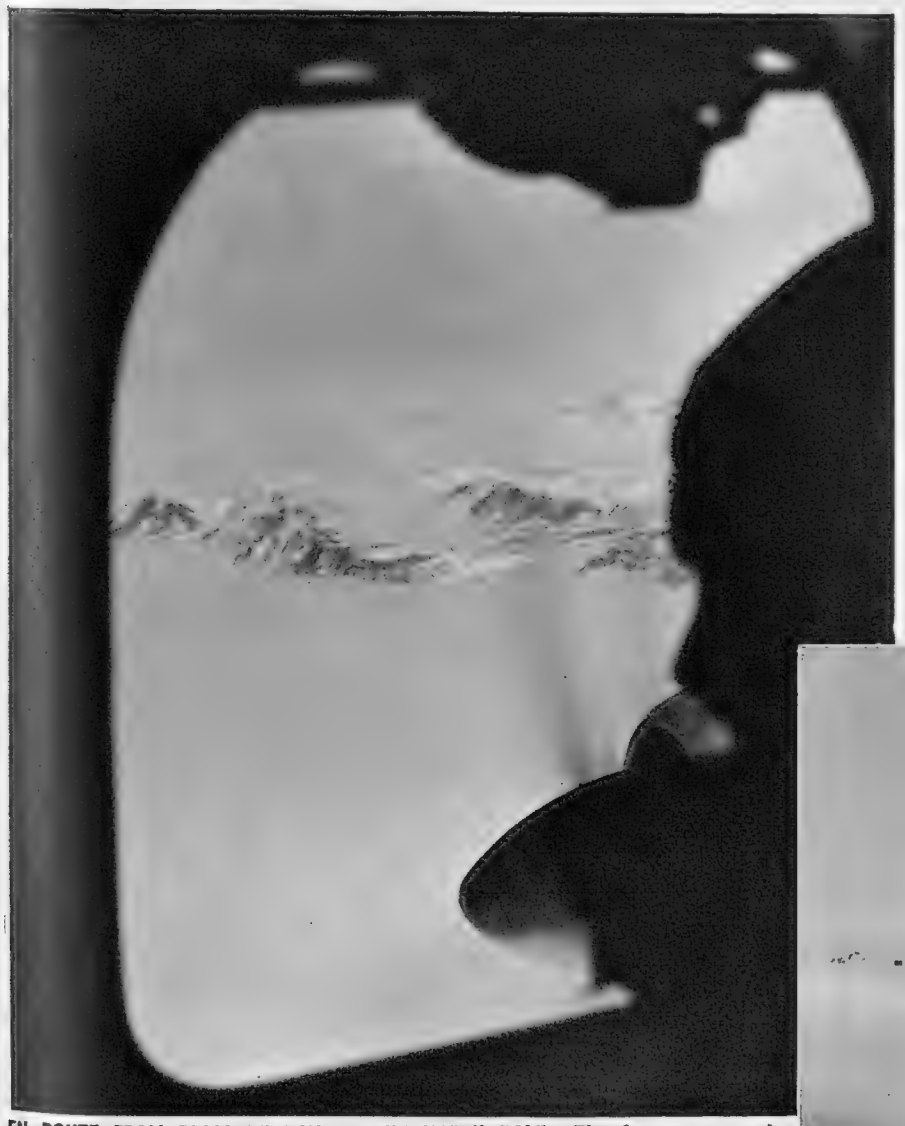
HEAD-ON IMPRESSIONS OF THE SHORT S.B.5: The aircraft with the adjustable wing and tail seen in flight during recent tests. The builders of the S.B.5, Short Brothers and Harland, are laying the foundations at Belfast of a great new aircraft industry. Horace, Eustace and Hugh Oswald Short founded the original firm of Short Brothers. They started a balloon factory at Battersea in 1898 and began building aeroplanes in 1908, first at Leysdown, Sheppey, and then from the aerodrome at near-by Eastchurch. Their second original biplane, in the hands of H. T. C. Moore-Brabazon (Lord Brabazon), made the historic circular-mile flight in 1909.

PACK-ICE AND OPEN WATER BETWEEN DEVON ISLAND, IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA, AND NORTH-WESTERN GREENLAND: This was one of the many dramatic pictures taken by an Air Ministry photographer on flights over and near the North Pole made by two R.A.F. Hastings aircraft from the Flying Training College at Manby, Lincolnshire.

R.A.F. STUDENTS FLY TO THE NORTH POLE

Pictures Taken During a Remarkable Journey Made in Two Hastings Aircraft from the R.A.F. Flying College at Manby, Lincolnshire

During these North Polar flights the R.A.F. Hastings aircraft circled the geographical Pole on two eleven-hour journeys made from the Royal Canadian Air Force base at Resolute Bay, which lies within the Arctic Circle. The flights, which each covered over 10,000 miles, gave practical training in high-altitude navigational work over featureless areas, where magnetic compasses are unreliable and special techniques have to be employed. Squadron-Leader H. D. Archer, D.F.C., and Flight-Lieutenant R. W. Firmin, D.F.C., captained the participating aircraft, and each carried two staff navigators and five students, together with other air and ground crews.



EN ROUTE FROM RESOLUTE BAY TO THE NORTH POLE: The frozen sea and islands viewed from the cockpit of one of the Hastings aircraft engaged in the North Polar flights. *On right*—BACK FROM THE WASTES OF THE FAR NORTH: A Hastings aircraft is guided in to the refuelling point at Resolute Bay by an airman of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

CIRCLING THE TOP OF THE WORLD: This is the North Pole as seen from one of the Hastings aircraft circling above it. There are deep fissures in the ice-cap, an indication of the approach of summer in these northern wastes.

ROAMING THE OPEN SPACES OF THE IRISH COUNTRYSIDE—THE TINKERS OF IRELAND ON THE ROAD: The sky and the turf and the skewbald ponies that are the tinker's heritage. The caravan halts in a corner of County Clare. The tinkers who roam the Irish countryside are not gipsies, but possibly the descendants of Irish families who took to the road during the seventeenth century. In many respects the Irish tinker is the indispensable link between metropolitan business and the countryside.

TINKERS DO SOME BARGAINING WITH NEAR-BY VILLAGERS: Although the tinker gives the impression of being poor, he may well be carrying a large sum of money in his pockets.

THE TINKERS OF THE IRISH ROADS

The "Poker-faced" Men, Keeping Themselves Very Much to Themselves, Roam Through the Irish Countryside While Going About Their Business: the Poor-looking Gipsy-like Wanderers Who are Often Rich Men

TINKERS SET UP CAMP OUTSIDE A VILLAGE: While the women prepare a fire, the men attend to the ponies, most of which are probably en route to market.

In a Dublin court, some months ago, Counsel for the Defence pointed out that a prisoner, convicted of manslaughter, was by origin "a person of the travelling class," a tinker. The court agreed that members of the travelling class, though they have "poker faces," are liable to "uncontrollable passions," and felt that the case in question should be given the maximum leniency. This admirable effort to make allowances for the awkward peculiarities of a not very popular minority, demonstrated one aspect of the Irish attitude to this strange, perhaps unique, "people apart."

When, amid a rattle of fast-driven carts, with ornate harness, and a flash of loose-running piebalds and skewbalds, the tinkers come to town, they inspire in the solid citizenry a queer mixture of alarm, awe and contemptuous indulgence. It is as though these "tribes" of Flynns, Sullivans and O'Briens, with their Irish names and Irish speech, are as separate from ordinary people, as unaccountable and unpredictable, as a troop of American Indians.

They are not gipsies. They are Irish, yet not as other Irishmen are. There is a possibility that they are the descendants of the Irish families who took to the roads during the course of the seventeenth century. Some of these "poker-faced" men, who keep themselves to themselves as they move through the country, look like tramps, while others look like farmers. Some are swarthy and black-eyed, some have red hair and unusually blue eyes; but there are plenty of people who claim that they can always spot "the tinker type."

In the neighbourhood of the tinkers' encampments the farmers keep an attentive eye open for the possibilities of trade in ponies, goats or feathers. They are even more attentive to their forage, for tinker ponies have, of necessity, learned to live off the country. Nervous people shun the lanes where tinkers camp. This is due more to the semi-superstitious awe in which the travelling people are held than to anything else.

The tinker, although he may find himself in a brawl, prefers to keep his differences within his own set, and prefers that internal differences should be settled internally. One tinker, arrested for brutal assault upon a Guard (Irish Police), explained to the judge that the thing had been a most regrettable mistake—he had been drunk and had mistaken the Guard for his uncle. When the tinkers move on, they present to the eye of the romanticist, a traditional picture of poverty-stricken Ishmaelites roaming the land. Unfortunately for the romanticist, the really striking thing about the modern Irish tinkers is not that so many of them are poor, but that numbers of them are actually rich.

In addition to the capital the tinker carries with him, there is much more represented by the ponies accompanying him, and the herd—forty or more—that he has somewhere in County Clare. (But for the tinkers the coloured ponies of Connemara would by now be extinct.)

The crucial business of actually selling the pony has been developed by the tinkers to a high level. The method is flexible and yet as basically stereotyped as some traditional drama. It depends for its success on the fact that two tinkers, acting as a team, are always present at the bargain. The third party—the prospective purchaser—has determined that £30 is the absolute top limit, and has started to offer £23. The tinkers sorrowfully ask £45, mentioning that they have just refused two offers of that because of the special regard they have for this particular client. The gap slowly narrows. Then, at the precisely correct psychological moment, drama is introduced by one of the tinkers appearing to turn against the other, accusing him of harsh avarice and lack of appreciation of this client's noble qualities. It is then that the experienced purchaser is aware of an almost irresistible urge to make the most of the diversion and to support the kind, moderate tinker against the hard, avaricious one. With a sense of triumph the purchaser sees the latter yield and accept £36, probably the price the tinkers had in mind.

In many respects the Irish tinker is the indispensable link between metropolitan business and the countryside. It is chiefly the tinkers, for example, who are supplying the present enormous demand of the English market for goats. The feather business, too, is a major activity. For at £7 10s. per mattress, the tinkers buy modern spring mattresses in Cork or Dublin, take them round the farms, and hand them over in exchange for an old tick of feathers. It sounds a poor exchange, until it is realised that the feathers are worth £10.

There are, of course, innumerable social and economic grades among the tinkers. What they all—rich and poor—have in common, is their separateness. In the intervening generations of strife and unheaval, the original roving men have been joined by successive waves of new adherents whom they have assimilated. And the process still goes on. Among the inhabitants of the caravans on the Irish roads to-day you will see a number of men who once fought in British armies, and now, for a variety of compelling reasons, have become the latest recruits to the ranks of the travelling class.

A VISIT TO A FARM FOR THE SALE OF PONIES: The tinker usually goes to a farm in company with a colleague, both of whom are experts in the business.

A CAMP FIRE AT THE SIDE OF A ROAD—FOR A WOMAN THIS IS A HARD WAY OF LIFE: While the men are away in town, bargaining, drinking and sometimes quarrelling, the women and young children try to keep a damp wood and peat fire burning.

GIPSY LIFE ON THE ENGLISH DOWNS BEFORE THE MOVE TO EPSOM

A ROADSIDE CHAT: Three tinkers discuss fair day at Middleton. In addition to the breeding of ponies, the tinker is keenly interested in goats and feathers.

A GIPSY AT HOME: Elizabeth lights a cigarette with a twig as she stands near the fire at her camp at Mexborough, Yorkshire.

LEADING THE HORSES AWAY TO BE TETHERED: This proves great fun for the younger members of the camp, who are always ready for a ride. Writing in *The Sphere* in May of last year, Brian Yesey-Fitzgerald commented on the problem of differentiating between the true nomad and the temporary residents of countryside compounds. He considered that part of the problem was one of housing, while the tendency to group all people in settlements as "gipsies" had done the gipsy much harm.

A WOMAN BUYER INSPECTS A PONY: Although there are exceptions, tinkers breed almost exclusively the "coloured ponies," the aboriginal breed of northern Europe in general, and of Ireland in particular.

BY CARAVAN ACROSS IRELAND: While they are on the move, a tinker's wife and young daughter look out from the door of their small home on wheels.

AT THE END OF THE DAY THE GIPSY FAMILIES IN THE MEXBOROUGH AREA GATHER ROUND THE CAMP FIRE: This is a scene reminiscent of many gipsy encampments throughout the country at the close of day, when the members meet together for relaxation. Soon this scene will be enacted on Epsom Downs when the gipsies assemble for the Derby.

The EAGLES OF AFRICA

New Water-colours of Some of the Magnificent Birds of Prey by J. C. Harrison

MASTER OF THE SKIES—A SOUTH AFRICAN TAWNY EAGLE SOARING ABOVE HLUHLUWE, IN NATAL : This fierce but magnificent predator has a mastery of flight which must be seen to be believed. J. C. Harrison's water-colour shows the eagle's primary feathers splayed out like fingers to take advantage of even the slightest currents of air.

A VERREAUX'S EAGLE SUNNING ITSELF ON A ROCK HIGH UP IN THE DRAKENSBERG MOUNTAINS IN NATAL : Except for its colour, which is black and white, this bird closely resembles the Golden Eagle, even in its flight.

RETURNING WITH ITS PREY—A CAPE SEA EAGLE SOARING HOME ACROSS THE ROCKS AND BREAKERS : This large and very powerful bird, with its striking colouring and broad wings, may be found anywhere around the South African coast and lagoons.

AN AFRICAN CROWNED HAWK EAGLE WHICH HAD JUST ALIGHTED : This painting was the result of a number of sketches which the artist was able to complete while watching the Hawk Eagle from a distance of only 30 yards.

The lovely water-colours of birds of prey reproduced on this page were done by J. C. Harrison, an artist who has specialised in birds, during a tour of South Africa last year. He found that the Cape Sea Eagle seemed fairly well distributed, and he watched them scouring the estuary and lagoons at Knysna (Cape Province), near Wilderness, Port Elizabeth and St. Lucia. The Cape Sea Eagle is a large, powerful bird with broad wings and of striking colouring. It has a wild, eerie cry, which it utters on the wing. In flight it soars rather like the Golden Eagle, though with more level wings. Its tail is also shorter than the Golden Eagle's. The Cape Sea Eagle is a fish-eater and may be seen anywhere around the coast or on the lagoons.

In the Drakensberg mountains the artist saw one Verreaux's Eagle, its flight apparently identical with the Golden Eagle, which it resembles in everything except colour, for the Verreaux is black and white.

He stayed for about ten days at the Natal Game Reserve at Hluhluwe, a delightful spot rich in fauna and abounding with birds of prey. "One day while motoring along one of the tracks I stopped within 50 yards of four Tawny Eagles and a Bateleur Eagle, all standing on the ground near a small mimosa bush. They appeared to be having a chat, and the Bateleur seemed to be treated as a close friend, especially by one of the Tawnies, which certainly appeared to be talking to him. This Tawny Eagle was a most handsome bird. His colour was a light fawn, with dark primary and secondary feathers. I watched him on the wing soon after and thought his flight the most graceful of all the eagles I saw. His wings were long and there was a white patch at the base of the primary feathers."

Bateleur Eagles were seen almost every day. Their flight is quite unique : they glide about at great speed and the curve of the wings makes them appear rather like a half-moon. The tail is very short and hardly shows beyond the width of the wings. Because of its loose feathering the head appears to be rather large and owl-like as the bird looks down. The wings appear more pointed than in other species of eagles, and the long primaries are often widely separated.

There were Martial Eagles and Wahlberg's Eagles at Hluhluwe. The latter is a small brown eagle and in flight rather like a Tawny, but with shorter wings. Feeding on the wing, one of these birds held its prey in its talons, reaching downwards and tearing it up with its bill while the wings were held steady. The Martial Eagle is one of the largest eagles, but with rather shorter and rounder wings than the others.

In the Hog's Back Forest, about a day's run north of Port Elizabeth, and again in the forest at Wilderness, the artist saw Crowned Hawk Eagles. "I had my best view of this bird at Wilderness. I was rowing up a watercourse which led between precipitous rocky slopes, crowned with natural forest, when I noticed that guinea fowl were making an unusual amount of noise, as though disturbed by something. Rounding a bend I spotted a Crowned Hawk Eagle with his crest erect, looking at me from his perch on a small tree near the water's edge on the far side. I rowed to about 30 yards from him and after I had done several drawings of the bird he took off towards me, turning when only 30 ft. away and giving me an excellent view."

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE PREPARE FOR THEIR SALUTE TO THE QUEEN ON CORONATION DAY : Planes lined up for the two-by-two take-off at Biggin Hill during a rehearsal for the Coronation fly-past which is to take place after the Queen's return to Buckingham Palace. On June 2 the formation will consist of 144 Meteors of the R.A.F. Fighter Command and 24 Sabres of the Royal Canadian Air Force. The basic formation will be two broad arrowheads, linked by a central group of aircraft, and the planes will cover an area 2,200 yards long and 640 yards wide. Unless the weather is bad the planes will fly at a height of between 1,100 ft. and 1,500 ft.

HOW THE PLANES WILL FLY ON CORONATION DAY : This picture shows the planes as they rehearsed the mass formation over Biggin Hill. On the day of the salute the planes will cross the Mall from south to north, thus allowing the Queen to see as much as possible.

REHEARSING the CORONATION FLY-PAST

AND OTHER AERONAUTICAL NEWS

THE NEW RADIO DEVICE FOR SAVING AIR-CRASH SURVIVORS AND OTHER STRANDED PERSONNEL : The S.A.R.A.H. (short for Search and Rescue and Homing), which consists of a radio beacon weighing only 20 ozs. with a 32-oz. battery fitted to the survivor's life-jacket, capable of transmitting a signal to guide aircraft to the scene of disaster.

Above—**A RECORD-BREAKER IN HIS ENGLISH ELECTRIC CANBERRA JET BOMBER :** Captain Robert Damon in the cockpit of one of the two Canberras which set up an unofficial record for the east-to-west Atlantic crossing while on a delivery flight to Venezuela. Taking off from Warton, Lancashire, the two pilots flew to Gander, Newfoundland, a distance of 2,260 miles, in 4 hours 36 mins. Official holder of the east-west record is Wing-Commander R. Beamont, who crossed from Aldergrove to Gander, a distance of 2,072 miles, in 4 hours 18 mins.

On right—**THE OSCILLATOR AND AERIAL CONTAINER OF THE SARAH :** As soon as the stranded man has released the 31-in. flexible aerial he starts the transmitter, which can be maintained for twenty hours with a maximum range of 66 miles to an aircraft flying at 10,000 ft. The distress signals are displayed on a cathode-ray tube in the rescuing aircraft and continue to show until the plane passes over the survivor. A two-range speech unit provides means of verbal communication between the rescuer and the survivor at close range.

Queen Charlotte, Franz Josef and Lord Algy

SOME VARIED CHARACTERS ADD TO THE VARIETY OF THE LONDON SOCIAL SCENE

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL FOR DEBUTANTES AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: *Left*—H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester cutting the giant birthday cake, and (*right*) a general view of the ball in progress. Three hundred debutantes curtsied together at the cake-cutting ceremony. All of them wore white evening gowns and long white gloves, and the girls were all seventeen or eighteen years old. It was the first big dance of the Coronation season. There were over 1,300 dancers in the great ballroom, for each debutante brought a partner, and in many cases fathers and mothers came too. Just before 11 p.m. the lights were lowered for the candles to be lit on the huge white cake. It was three tiers high and weighed 200 lb. Then, slowly, to the music of "Judas Maccabeus," which is always played at this ball, the girls came down twin staircases from the gallery into the ballroom. They formed rows of twenty before the Duchess of Gloucester, and when all were assembled, dipped in a slow curtsy. The ball had its origin 200 years ago in Queen Charlotte's annual birthday ball, which she held at St. James's Palace.

REPRODUCING OLD VIENNA IN MODERN LONDON: This was the scene on the celebrated staircase at Londonderry House during last week's ball in which the dancers wore the costumes and uniforms of Vienna in the '80's of the last century. *On right*—The Emperor Franz Josef (Mr. Ian Graham) escorts the Empress (the Duchess of Newcastle) through the line of guests into the ballroom. The host of the evening was Vienna-born Baron Theo Roth von Schrechenstein. The Duchess of Newcastle and Mr. Graham, who is a nephew of the Duke of Montrose, led the dancing at the start of the evening.

REHEARSING FOR A CHARITY PLAY IN LONDON: Billy Wallace discusses a point in the script with the Hon. Elizabeth Hoyer Millar when rehearsing at Lord Ednam's house in London for the performance of R. C. Carton's *Lord and Lady Algy*, to be given at the Scala Theatre in aid of charity. *On left*—BATTLING THROUGH THEIR LINES: Lord Porchester, who plays Lord Algy, Ghislaine Alexander and Raine Legge discussing the script.

LOOKING AHEAD TO CORONATION DAY

The Earl Marshal Meets Members of the Press to Announce Further Details Relating to the Ceremony on June 2; Progress in the Erection of Stands and Decorations Along the Processional Route

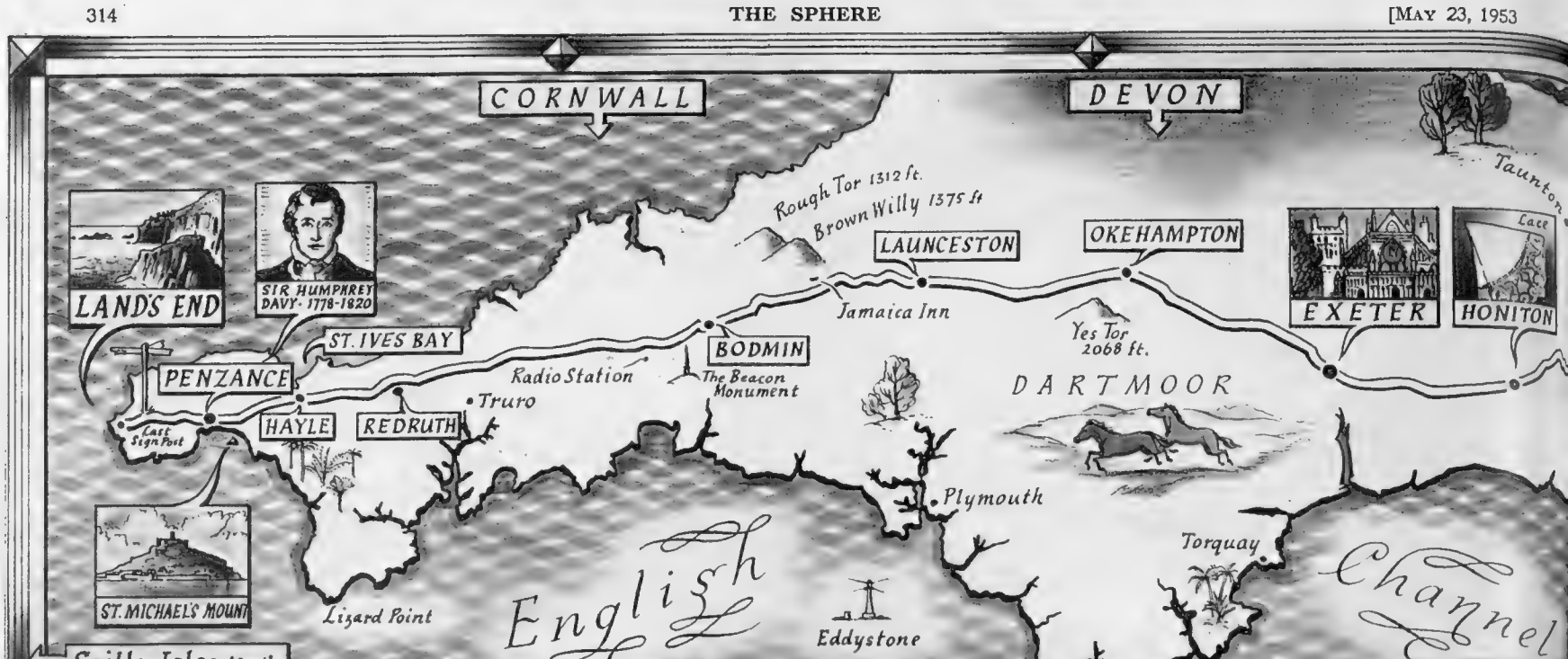
THE EARL MARSHAL CONFERS WITH GARTER KING-OF-ARMS DURING THE PRESS CONFERENCE AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, WHEN FURTHER DETAILS OF THE CORONATION WERE ANNOUNCED: The Duke of Norfolk and Sir George Bellew seen standing in front of the Royal Standard, which, with other standards and banners of Commonwealth countries, formed a background to the rostrum from which the Duke made his announcements. It was disclosed that Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, would be present in the Abbey for part of the ceremony and that rehearsals of the Coronation ceremonial would take place almost daily until Friday, May 29. Details of the Queen's procession inside the Abbey from the Annexe to the Theatre were also given, and it was stated that about 260 people would walk in the procession.

THE SCENE OF THE EARL MARSHAL'S SECOND PRESS CONFERENCE AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: When he addressed some 250 representatives of the Press, occupying the seats normally taken by members of Church Assembly, the Duke of Norfolk said: "As these last few weeks pass, excitement will grow and become what I expect you will call Coronation fever. Let us all together try to make that day a great day—a great day of freedom and rejoicing so far as possible. At the same time, let us remember the spiritual significance of this solemn service."

PRESERVING THE TREES ALONG THE CORONATION PROCESSIONAL ROUTE: When the time came for workmen to cover this stand erected outside Westminster Abbey they had to take into consideration the tall trees, and so fitted the canvas around the branches.

"STAND IN" FOR THE QUEEN: The Duchess of Norfolk, who is representing the Queen during the Coronation rehearsals inside the Abbey. When the Duke was asked who would play this part he answered, "My wife."

WHITEHALL'S HELMETS: Workmen are seen adjusting the crowning pieces of the tall decorative poles in Whitehall, S.W. The poles have been placed in groups and look most imposing when seen from Westminster.



FOLLOWING THE LINE OF A.30—A SKETCH-MAP OF THE ROUTE TO THE WEST SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD: Mr. Haywood has shown the principal points on the celebrated holiday road which, approached from London via Chiswick, starts to the east of Staines and continues for nearly 300 miles.

A.30—THE WESTERN HOLIDAY ROAD

Sights and Scenes Upon An Historic Highway, Which Tens of Thousands Will Travel This Summer; the Route From London's Western Suburbs to the Verge of the Atlantic

By JOHN MAY

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine,
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine.
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

That is how John Masefield, our Poet-Laureate, has romantically viewed the West Country, and later in his poem he writes of the white road westwards with the nostalgic longing of one who knows and loves what lies at journey's end. This summer tens of thousands of people will be travelling on A.30, this great white road to the West, the holiday road that streams out from London through Staines, towards Salisbury, Shaftesbury and Yeovil, and leads to Land's End and the last signpost. In the following article John May takes us along this grand road to what he describes as the warmest and most welcoming parts of England, indicating the sights and scenes along the way, and finally coming to that point where the road is continued only "by the golden path of the setting sun across the Atlantic."

NEAR the last signpost the white line finishes, and the tarred road runs on unmarked. The tarred surface finishes, and it becomes briefly a grit road. Ahead, between two buildings, are a square brick post-box, grey rocks, and then a precipitous drop to the silver sea. Straight on, by sea or air, past the row of six sentinel rocks and the Wolf Rock Lighthouse on the fifth of them, it is 3,000 miles to the Americas. But by road, here nearly 300 miles from London, you can drive your car no farther. This is the end of England, Land's End, and the end of A.30—the great holiday road to the south-west.

The warmest and most welcoming parts of England, the holiday counties of Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset, Devon and Cornwall, suck their summertime prosperity through A.30 like cider through a straw. This way come the road-users who wish to see the cathedrals of Salisbury and Exeter, the sweeping chalk downs, the green hills of Yeovil, Jamaica Inn, on Bodmin Moor, St. Michael's faerie Mount, between the Lizard and Land's End, and many other enchantments besides.

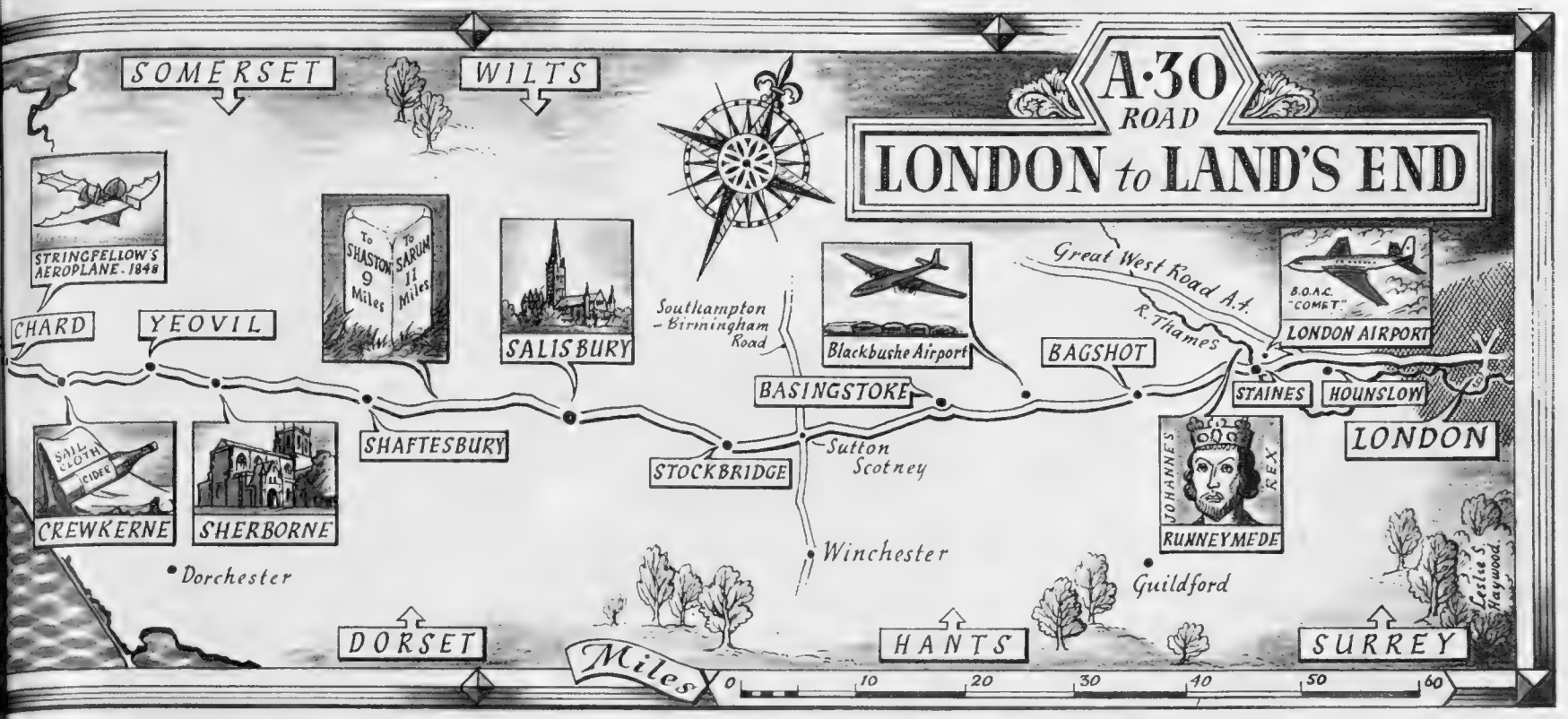
It is neither the fastest nor the quietest road. "We route members travelling in the direction of Exeter via the A.303," says the Automobile Association. "This is the road through Andover, Amesbury and Wincanton which avoids a number of bottlenecks." But especially before it becomes too busy, A.30 is a highway to love as well as to ride. Like a slim and delightful Eve issuing from Adam's rib, she begins at Hounslow by swaying away to the left out of the side of the sturdier and shorter Great West Road. Thereafter, curving and coy and sometimes difficult, her feminine charm is never at an end until she stops short to gaze in mild surprise at the rolling Atlantic barring her westward way.

The most difficult part of the route is Staines, particularly at week-ends and on special occasions such as Ascot Week. A.30 here is only 21 to 28 ft. wide, and the flow of traffic may reach—as it did on the morning of Good Friday, 1952—as many as 2,900 vehicles an hour. (This was exceeded at only one place on the route in the following August, when 3,000 an hour were passing on the Exeter-Honiton run on the Saturday morning before the Bank Holiday.) Questions have been raised in the House of Commons aimed at persuading the Minister of Transport to by-pass Staines, and as long ago as 1937 plans were drawn up, with an estimated cost of £250,000. To-day a new line made necessary by the expansion of London Airport would probably cost a million, but its transfer from paper to practice is still remote in the future.

The Great South-West Road, the highway grandiloquently calls herself while passing London Airport. Planes come roaring in overhead as you pass, and fronting three silvery hangars is a proud notice that says "B.O.A.C. Comet Fleet." The most modern airliner in the world stands there modestly, shaming other "steam age" machines with piston-driven propellers. This is the first of several glimpses of air travel along

LONDON AIRPORT IS A CONSPICUOUS LANDMARK AT THE START OF THE GREAT HOLIDAY ROAD: Here one of the jet airliners of the Comet fleet is being made ready for the next flight, surrounded by mechanics, each with a special task of maintenance.

A WILTSHIRE COUNTRY TOWN: The main street of Stockbridge, a place famed for its training stables. There are some fine Georgian houses in this street. The once familiar inn style of a projecting porch with a room above is well shown.



the A.30 route, and wise is the driver who keeps a weather eye open for others who are watching not the road but the airways. The other side of Bagshot and Camberley is Blackbushe Airport, with a passing service van advertising "Fly Your Car to the Continent—30 Minutes!" And an age and a day away by road at Chard is the house of John Stringfellow, who, in 1848, made the first steam-driven model aeroplane to fly.

As far as Hook Common, in Hampshire, the road has been at first somewhat suburban, but later undulating and almost continuously through woods. After Sunningdale it seems at last to shake off the influence of London, of estate agents and golf-courses, and to settle down to serious travel. A.30 joins with her cousin, A.33, to by-pass Basingstoke. And then at Sutton Scotney, just east of Stockbridge, the route crosses the Southampton-Birmingham road amid picturesque thatched cottages. This is the real countryside at last! In Stockbridge, with a trout stream crossing under the high road, a building bears the busy notice: "Lloyds Bank, Tuesdays 10—12.30." And on the open downs outside the town, in the spring, there are lambs and ewes in a hurdled pen.

Hampshire has the pleasing habit of setting its side-turnings well back from the main road itself, and dotting off the tapering extra width either side of them with a white line. One feels that the road is safer for such thoughtfulness. And then we are out of Hampshire, and there appears on the horizon ahead, now here and now there as if it were dancing a mile or two either way, the slim, sunlit pencil of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. The road has been fast, but the town slows it down, and makes an opportunity for parking, and stretching the legs, that is too good to miss.

Salisbury is a "new" city, having grown up after the removal of the Cathedral from the ancient hill fort of Old Sarum seven centuries ago. Though 600 years old in its newest parts, including the spire, the Cathedral itself looks as if it were erected only yesterday. Two facts contribute to its incomparable youthfulness: being built all in one style (Early English) at one time, and being set amid vast emerald lawns in a spacious Close where it can be viewed in all its beauty. The great tower and spire—404 ft. high, the tallest in England—were in part afterthoughts, and their weight nearly crushed the structure. Even to-day the tower is out of the upright by nearly 2 ft., and is supported on one side by columns extremely bent.

Outside Salisbury is Wilton, with *Farmer's Glory* farmer-author A. G. Street's new Mill Farm near by at South Newton. The landlord of the farm on which Arthur Street was born was the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. Now Wilton House, on the A.30 road, for 400 years the seat of this family, is another of the stately homes of England that are open for view from April to October for any member of the public who likes to pay his half-a-crown. "Easter Monday, 1952," says the man in the tiny wooden office at the arched gateway entrance, "we had eleven hundred people."

On through Barford St. Martin, where there is a swan flying down the river valley, and a tiny notice, "Private Fishing," in the middle of the river where the road swings left over a bridge. The milestones are marked simply "To Shaston" (Shaftesbury) on one side and "To Sarum" the other, and the highway is a country road with no "sidewalk" footpath. Farmland stretches away on either side. A map of Australia, cut in outline on the steep slope of the chalk down to the south of the road, catches the eye. It is followed by a Y.M.C.A. triangle and half-a-dozen military badges; where there is a wall of any kind it is impossible, it seems, for human nature since Belshazzar's time to withhold from writing on it!

And now the A.30 highway has covered—after it reaches the quiet town of Shaftesbury, where Alfred the Great founded the abbey, and before it comes to Sherborne, where Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his first pipe—its first hundred miles of journeying. The treeless countryside has the bare, moulded beauty of a reclining nude as the Dorset border approaches. Water is never far from the roadside here. Watercress-beds look lusciously green, and in one village a black-and-white cat sits on a stone in the middle of a stream—fishing? The road which passes it is hilly, with good pastoral views, and reminds one of G. K. Chesterton's contention that "the rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road." Certainly before Yeovil it has rolled across the border in and out of both Dorset and Somerset more than once.

Above the porch of a house in Sherborne that faces down Greenhill (a street with a high-banked, railed footpath bordering houses that cascade down the hill) is the strange sign clearly lettered: "Licensed to Let Post Horses." It is a reminder of the motorist's loss in travelling in a vehicle so fast and so comfortable, but yet so insular and so loth to stop. He sees more and yet less of the countryside than the horseman once could, but is more alone than anyone ever was in the fastest postchaise. He cannot exchange chance greetings with roadside folk, and he misses much of the richness of the changing music of dialect through speaking generally only to people in hotels. Yet pause at Salisbury and the air is full of Wiltshire; stop at Yeovil and the speech is rich Somerset.

After dark in the belfry of St. John's, the parish church of Yeovil, there is on Monday nights a light and through a window ropes may be seen leaping as the bell-ringers practise their peals. What was once mainly a glove town now makes aeroplanes, too, the works of Westland Aircraft being set in a valley south-west of the town. Legends cluster close in this part of the country. To the north King Alfred burnt his cakes and King Arthur fought his battles; to the south is the country of Thomas Hardy. And now, to cap all, Yeovil in recent years has been revealed by Stephen Potter

(*Concluded on following page*)

THE GLORY OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: The mighty spire dominating the lush meadowlands that lie beneath it; a view immortalised by Constable in one of his paintings. Salisbury lies directly on A.30.

IN OLD SHAFTESBURY: Gold Hill, steep and cobbled, climbs to the centre of the town below battlemented walls. Beyond the old cottages, with thatched or stone roofs, is a glimpse of the famous Blackmoor Vale. To the antiquarian Shaftesbury is the most interesting town in Dorset.

A.30—THE WESTERN HOLIDAY ROAD

AT REDRUTH, WHERE A.30 GOES THROUGH THE HEART OF THE SOUTH-WEST: Looking along the London-Land's End road to Carn Brea Castle, which rises 750 ft. above the sea. Near by is a tall column in memory of Francis Basset, the friend of the Cornish miner. The column has an inside staircase. ***On left*—PROSPECT FROM FORE STREET, EXETER:** Looking across to the foothills of Dartmoor from the old city.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

to be the legendary home of "Lifemanship," the original college of that science or art being at 681, Station Road.

The long hills outside Yeovil seem to be a favourite driving ground for long lines of Army lorries with "L" plates permanently painted on them—a considerable driving hazard. Then there is cosy Crewkerne, an ancient township which holds its fair in the streets on September 4 and 5. The views a few miles farther on are worth stopping to see. Away to the right through the ashlings on a roadside bank is the Somerset plain that stretches from Taunton in the west to Shepton Mallet in the east. Here are little white farm cottages, church spires, the charming pattern of meadows and fields—the green heart of the county laid bare before you.

Now the A.30 road becomes in a very real sense a highway, soaring along past Windwhistle Inn through an avenue of giant beeches, with the land falling away on both sides. This was once a haunt of highwaymen. The signposts to places on either side become increasingly like fragments of poetry. Chard, visible for some miles ahead, is an uphill town when reached, and called "Cherd" by some of its inhabitants. Farther on, there is a good opportunity to coast along with engine switched off, looking at views and listening to your squeaks. Primroses decorate the roadside, and soon comes Yarcombe, where the faster A.303 joins with A.30.

Seven miles farther is the little town named after the hones or whetstones it once produced—Honitón, now a place of pottery and lace, with A.30 once again the main street, and water running down the side of it. Devon, self-conscious of its charm as ever, proclaims with roadside notices its Devon cream, Devon honey. The ploughed fields proclaim it, too, with furrows etched in red earth.

Exeter is the first city since London that has recognisable suburbs. No traveller can assess the true worth of a city of this size and importance without a longer stay than a passing motorist normally has time for. Its history alone is a volume. The Guildhall, straddling the High Street, is so massive that even in traffic it cannot be overlooked. Its historic Cathedral near by was divided into two by a wall by Cromwell, making East Peter's for Presbyterians and West Peter's for Independents. The City still bears the scars of ferocious bombing but has put its open spaces to good use. "We believe the answer to the parking problem," says the Exeter Chief Constable, "lies in a large number of small parks as near the centre of the city as possible rather than a few very large ones."

Over the River Exe and out of the town, the road is hilly, with a descent of 1 in 8 to Pocombe Bridge. The grim, bare heights of Dartmoor begin to show away to the left. The "Pathfinders'" caravan site amid silver beeches, pink-washed thatched cottages near by and quarries in the distance, Okehampton itself with herbaceous borders suspended half-way up the lamp standards, the railway crossing a high viaduct, gorse in golden bloom, and then the 200th mile since leaving London. The nearest village is Bridestowe (Briddys-toe), where three generations of the Ball family, the oldest over ninety, run a most obliging and helpful garage and smithy.

Glimpsing the castle of the Royal Borough of Launceston, the highway shies away round a left-hand hairpin. Cattle and ponies are straying about the road outside the town, Cornwall's highest hill, Brown Willy (1,375 ft.), is away to the right, Jamaica Inn with fearsome pirates on its sign at the top of a rise, and Bodmin Moor all around. Mounting a hill, suddenly you see a "Fujiyama" mountain of white china clay, with two grey sisters, a quarry behind and a lake before. A notice explains: "Bowaters China Clay Ltd." On the distant horizon more such peaks appear like a rash of pyramids.

Bodmin's streets are narrow and hilly in the centre of the town as if the county, now being little more than a score of miles wide, had constricted growth. After the steel-girder forest of the transmitting station, tantalising glimpses of the sea become increasingly frequent. The country flattens out over the Goss Moors, the trees are permanently wind-bowed, A.A. boxes have wind generators for light, and haystacks are held down with rope nets weighted with stones. There is a strange, un-English magic, too, in the place names: Indian Queen, Zelah, Marazanvose.

Redruth and Camborne pass as if all one. Then there is more blue sea: to the right St. Ives Bay like a lake surrounded by hills, the road circling round golden sands of Hayle; to the left Mount's Bay and St. Michael's Mount like a fairy-tale castle on an enchanted island. The bay and harbour of Penzance bring A.30 at last to the ocean. This is the metropolis of the Cornish Riviera, Britain's most westerly town, a made-to-measure centre of the seaside industry, and the end of the railway.

The road goes on—ten miles to its final total of some eighteen short of 300. The milestones now give figures only; they name no place, for Land's End is the only possible destination. And thereafter A.30 is continued only by the golden path of the setting sun across the Atlantic.

A FAIRY-LIKE CASTLE OF THE WEST: St. Michael's Mount, Marazion, a vast crag 231 ft. above the sea and surmounted by a pinnacled castle which is cut off from the mainland by each high tide. A priory was established at St. Michael's Mount by Edward the Confessor. It became a fortress in the reign of Richard I.

JOURNEY'S END IN CORNWALL: The rocks at Land's End, the most westerly point of England. The granite masses look out towards the Longships Lighthouse and the waters of the Atlantic. The granite breaks out again in the Scilly Isles, which on very clear days can be seen from Land's End.

THE 28,000-TON LINER "ARCADIA" SEEN ON THE STOCKS AT THE YARD OF JOHN BROWN AND COMPANY BEFORE HER LAUNCHING FROM CLYDEBANK: The new P. and O. liner for the Australian trade was launched on the same day as the new Orient liner *Orsova*, which is being built at Barrow by Vickers-Armstrong. The *Arcadia* entered the river at about the same point as the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*, both products of John Brown's Yard.

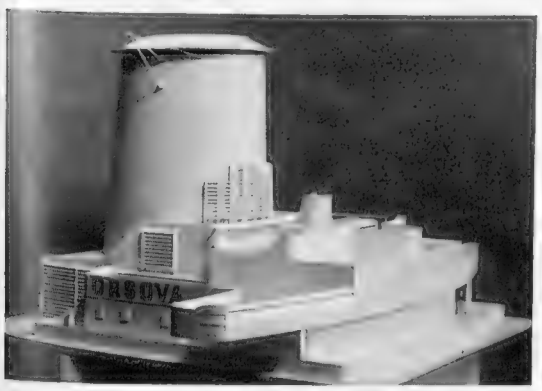
"ORSOVA" and "ARCADIA"

TWO 28,000-TON SHIPS ARE LAUNCHED ON THE SAME DAY

Both the P. and O. and the Orient lines are great names in the history of the Australian trade, and not so many years ago the news that both had launched 28,000-ton vessels on the same day would have conjured up thoughts of stern rivalry on the high seas, of two mighty companies battling to achieve each other's elimination. To-day this news connotes no rivalry, but a great partnership of effort between two great companies who have decided to build in conjunction with each other and who run joint services to and from Australia with a fleet of modern and fast passenger liners. The P. and O. vessel *Arcadia* was launched at Clydebank and the Orient liner *Orsova* at Barrow-in-Furness. At the *Arcadia's* launching Sir William Currie, chairman of P. and O., referred to the inflationary spiral which is making each ship cost more than the last. At the *Orsova's* launching, Mr. Anderson, chairman of the Orient Line, referred to the competition in the air, and said that he believed that air and sea transport could be complementary rather than competitive services. The two ships were both launched without mishap and amid the usual scenes of enthusiasm. The *Orsova* was launched by Lady Anderson, wife of Sir Colin Anderson, a director of Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., managers of the Orient Line.

THE "ARCADIA" ENTERS HER ELEMENT: The P. and O. liner seen at the moment of her launching. In the foreground are the great stacks of drag chains which checked the speed of the ship's descent.

THE "ARCADIA" GRACEFULLY AFLOAT AFTER HER LAUNCHING: The new liner seen being towed to her fitting-out basin. She was launched by Mrs. Donald F. Anderson, the wife of the P. and O. Company's Deputy Chairman. The *Arcadia* has an overall length of 718 ft.



THE FUNNEL AND BRIDGE DESIGN OF THE NEW ORIENT LINER "ORSOVA": The inverted flower-pot appearance of the funnel is not unique. It is a notably practical design, enclosing not only the boiler and galleys' uptakes and discharges, but ventilating air intakes as well. *On right*—THE CLIPPER BOWS OF THE "ORSOVA": The handsome new vessel seen before her launching.

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

A Survey of the Home News in Pictures

THE SCENE IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOSTEL OF GOD, A HOME FOR THE DYING AT CLAPHAM COMMON, WHERE QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER OPENED A NEW WING : The Queen Mother, who is patroness of the hostel, listening to an address given by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Ian Leslie Melville (extreme left), chairman of the hostel. Also in the group are Mrs. Christine E. F. Callingham, the Mayor of Wandsworth (on left), the Bishop of Kingston (in Cope and Mitre), Bishop Hawkes (formerly Bishop of Kingston), and the Bishop of Kensington (extreme right). The Queen Mother toured the wards of the hostel, pausing to talk to many of the patients, some of whom had only a few weeks to live.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER MEETING MEMBERS OF THE STAFF AT THE HOSTEL OF GOD, CLAPHAM COMMON : The Hostel of God, where the Queen Mother opened a new wing early last week, is run by the Anglican sisters of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead.

THE CAR FERRY TERMINUS AT DOVER IS NEARING COMPLETION—THE CAR FERRY "HALLADALE" DOCKING IN ONE OF THE NEW INSTALLATIONS : This car ferry terminal is the first of its kind to be built in this country and will form a link with similar facilities at several Continental ports. It is expected to be completed and in full operation by July of this year The terminal, which is being constructed by the Dover Harbour Board, will add enormously to the cross-Channel travel facilities. Two new berths have been built and these will be served by 140-ft.-long bridges which rise and fall automatically with the tide and which will enable the motorist to drive straight off the car ferry to the car park on shore.

SIR IVONE KIRKPATRICK, WHO SUCCEEDS SIR WILLIAM STRANG AS PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE : Sir Ivone, who is the British High Commissioner in Germany, will take over from Sir William in the autumn, when the latter retires from the Foreign Service. Sir William Strang was due for retirement at the end of last year, having reached the age of sixty, but at Mr. Eden's request he agreed to remain until the autumn so that his extensive knowledge of German affairs could remain available. Sir William is also well-versed in Soviet affairs. As far back as 1924 he was attached to the Secretariat of the Anglo-Soviet Conference in London and six years later he was sent to the British Embassy in Moscow, where he acted as Chargé d'Affaires. In 1935 he accompanied Mr. Eden to Moscow. Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick also has a very wide knowledge of German affairs. He served in the British Embassy in Berlin before the war and after Hess's landing in Scotland in 1941 it was he who interrogated him. He acted as interpreter to Mr. Chamberlain at Godesberg, Berchtesgaden and Munich

On right—

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER OPENS CANNING HOUSE, THE NEW OFFICES OF THE HISPANIC AND LUSO-BRAZILIAN COUNCIL, IN BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON : The Duke of Gloucester, with the Duchess by his side, is seen examining a copy of the first edition of Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*, which was presented to him by Viscount Davidson (left), the President of the Council, which has recently moved from Upper Berkeley Street, Marylebone, to Canning House. Among the many people present at the ceremony were the Spanish Ambassador and the Ambassadors of the Latin-American countries

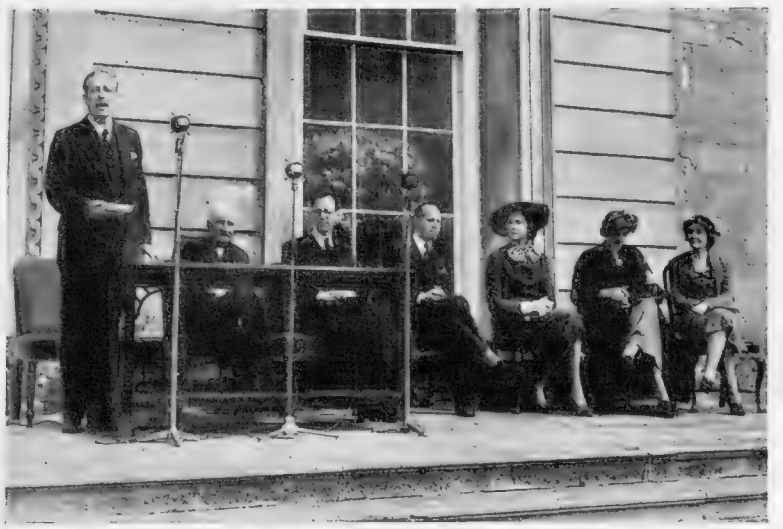
On left and *on right*—

THE SAILING BARGE "SARA" PRACTISING FOR THE LAST OF THE THAMES BARGE RACES : The Thames Barge Race has been held annually, except for the war years, to help to keep up the tradition of the old sailing barges, so many of which have now been ousted by motor-powered vessels. There were very few entries for the race on May 21, which was to be the last sailed by these lovely old vessels. The *Sara*, which is pictured practicing on the lower reaches of the Thames, has been winner of the race many times. This trim barge, with the lines of a yacht, was built in 1902.

ROGATION-TIDE IN YORKSHIRE—CONDUCTING A SPECIAL SERVICE IN WHITBY HARBOUR : The Rev. A. N. Yesey, of Whitby, conducting a service on board the fishing boat *Pilot Me II.* He is seen blessing the fishing nets at the start of the new season. Elsewhere in Yorkshire Rogation-tide was observed with other ceremonies peculiar to the different parishes : at Ewecote, near Whitby, services were held in the fields to bless the growing of the crops. The custom of observing Rogation days in England dates from the seventh century, although it was known in other countries long before this. After the Reformation, the recital of the Litany, which had been an integral part of the Rogation services, was discontinued, but is once again a familiar part of the Rogation Sunday service.

BLESSING THE SEA—A TRADITIONAL ROGATION SUNDAY SERVICE AT BRIXHAM, DEVONSHIRE : This was the scene at the harbour as parish priests led their congregations in the full Rogation-tide service which has been revived after a lapse of twenty-five years. Prior to the service there was a long procession of clergy, choir, servers and laity through the town. At Beer, another Devonshire resort, a large crowd gathered on the beach for the service of blessing the waters. This service, together with similar services in other parts of the country, was broadcast.

SCOTTISH JUTE-WORKERS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE RECENT SUNSHINE AND WARM WEATHER TO DRY THEIR JUTE : This picture was taken at Inverbervie, on the coast of Kincardineshire, where workers were hanging out the long coarse strands of jute in the sunshine. The manufacture of jute began on a commercial scale in Scotland as long ago as 1840.



THE RT. HON. HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P., SPEAKING AS HE OPENED PETWORTH HOUSE, IN SUSSEX : Seated (from left to right) are Lord Esher, chairman of the Finance Committee of the National Trust ; Mr. John Wyndham, the present occupier of Petworth House ; Mr. J. Rathbone, secretary to the National Trust ; Mrs. J. Wyndham ; Lady Macmillan and Lady Esher. The house is open to the public on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays from 2 to 6 p.m. (November and December 2 to 4 p.m.) at an admission charge of 2s. 6d. It will also be open on the first Wednesday in every month at the same hours, but with a charge of 5s. for admission. The house will be closed from January to March.

The Sphere of Travel

THE CHÂTEAUX OF TOURAINE

They Lie in a Part of France that is Serene and Peaceful, Where the Vines Grow Superbly and the Glories of the Kitchen are Not for a Moment Neglected

SOUTH-WEST of Paris, a two-hour journey by fast train from the French capital, across the great rich plains of the Beauce, is the Valley of the Loire, which most visitors agree is accurately called the Garden of France, along with its better-known names—the Château country and Touraine.

Of all the provinces of France, none contributes more to peace and mind than does Touraine. Here you have just the right kind of life ; there is not too much or too little of anything. It is clear, serene, peaceful and intensely interesting. It is an invitation to civilised happiness. And even its climate contributes towards the sweetness of life.

Touraine has an effortless way of producing the most succulent fruits ; its vines grow superbly, and the wines which come from them appeal to the mind as well as to the palate. According to Rabelais, who was an expert on such matters, it is " wine of velvet."

But while Touraine has preserved the fine cuisine and delightful wines for which it has always been renowned, its main appeal to the visitor lies in its châteaux, which are strung out along the Loire and close to its tributaries for about 100 miles.

Like pages out of a story-book, where armoured knights charge crenellated towers, the châteaux have preserved the mood of ancient days. Altogether there must be dozens, if not hundreds, of these châteaux. Many of them, however, are private residences and cannot be viewed, but the larger and more important ones are the property of the State and are open to the public.

It is, of course, possible to *see* six to ten of the main châteaux in a couple of days by means of conducted tours ; but this is not a method I would advise. Excess of sightseeing, especially when the sights are all of outstanding interest and full of historical and artistic appeal, is almost bound to lead to mental indigestion and physical weariness—a combination which robs a holiday of enjoyment and appreciation.

My own suggestion for a holiday in Touraine would be to spend three days at Blois, three days at Tours, and then to spend the rest of your time at some place that has particularly attracted you during your peregrinations round the châteaux ; some place, in fact, which you have discovered for yourself. Amboise, for instance, has three Michelin-starred hotels, but there are many other enchanting spots from which to choose.

Blois is a beautifully situated little town dominated by its château, a harlequinade of genius. Its historical as well as its defamatory chronicles could fill a small library. Several French kings and queens resided there, not to mention a number of Royal favourites. Grim murders also were not of uncommon occurrence. In addition to its artistic and architectural beauties, the place reeks of romance. The same can be said, however, of almost all the other great châteaux.

During the summer there are flocks of visitors to the châteaux, and many of them are French school-children accompanied by their teachers : noisy " lambs" and rather harassed " shepherds." The official guides, whom you must usually follow, have a lengthy patter which includes rather tiring descriptions of the many tapestries. It is, indeed, not easy to browse around by oneself, but with a little ingenuity, even though it may arouse the ire of your guide, it can be done.

From Blois as a centre, the châteaux of Chambord, Cheverny and Chaumont are best visited. Chambord, one of the marvels of the Renaissance, with its 440 rooms, is the most spectacular of all the châteaux. It is a masterpiece of architectural proportions. Like Versailles, Chambord was born out of the whim of a king. That King was François I, and the construction of the château was begun in 1515, the year of the victory of Marignan.

The roof is a riot of sculptured chimneys, perforated pinnacles, spires, lanterns, windows, capitals, friezes, sculptures and needles. This roof is in reality a vast platform promenade from which the ladies of the court used to watch the men out hunting in the surrounding park. Access is gained by a remarkable double-spiral staircase, so contrived that two persons may traverse it—the one up, the other down—without meeting.

For those with historical imagination—and such an imagination is essential to a proper appreciation of these châteaux—it is easy to picture the cortèges, the flames dancing in the huge fireplaces, the torches, the glittering tables covered with candlesticks, and all kinds of viands and delicacies.

Cheverny in certain respects reminds me of Warwick Castle, for it is still lived in and has belonged to the same family from the time of its construction to the present day. It is quite a small château, but its original decorations are still intact, and it is this exceptional preservation which " three-stars " it, even though it is not especially memorable in French history. Semi-feudal Chaumont, on the other hand, bears strongly the imprint of Catherine de Medici. Here the Queen effaced herself to give place to the woman—a rather childish woman. Here she used to spend whole nights in the company of astrologers and soothsayers attempting to divine the future—a future made grim with tragedies.

Tours, an industrial city to-day, lies right in the heart of the château country, and it is an important centre from which several outstanding châteaux can be easily reached. These include Azay-le-Rideau, Langeais, Chenonceaux and Loches, with Amboise, Chinon and Villandry runners-up.

There is little history connected with Azay-le-Rideau ; yet it remains in my memory as the most homelike of the châteaux—if such a designation can be used for a building requiring a small army of servants for its upkeep. The house is partly surrounded by a peaceful moat, beyond which lie lovely park-like gardens. Just to look out of the windows, down on the waters below, in which are mirrored perfectly the rich façades of the outside walls, makes a visit here fascinating and rewarding.

Langeais, on the other hand, remains haughty and gloomy. In this setting that so became her dignity, the little Duchess Anne de Bretagne, clad in a golden dress, sealskins and sables, gave her hand and duchy to Charles VIII in 1491. The outer façades of this building have a defensive structure of a medieval stronghold : high, formidable walls, a covered parapet, and pepper-box towers. The interior of the château is intact and the many living-rooms contain furniture and decorations gathered together in perfect harmony by its last owner, who then presented it to the Institut de France.

Chenonceaux is the loveliest château in Touraine. This unique and graceful building of the Renaissance lies, quite unusually, across the bed of a river ; and the approach to the drawbridge is along a magnificent avenue of plane-trees.

Chenonceaux reminds us of Diane de Poitiers at the height of her glory. During her period of influence, and, one might say, her reign, the pretty mistress of Henri II began the construction of the famous bridge over the River Cher, which was soon surmounted with a vast gallery 195 ft. long. Later, the château was forcibly exchanged, following the death of the King, by the Queen Mother, Catherine de Medici, for Chaumont, which can hardly have been to the liking of the fair Diane. In the park of Chenonceaux the old Queen gave a succession of such licentious feasts that chroniclers stood aghast. At the same time, Catherine did continue building operations, leaving the château as we see it to-day, in a good state of preservation.

The Château of Loches was, during the Middle Ages, one of the most important fortresses in France, and it is this aspect and the fact that it was used to house prominent prisoners in dungeons that make a visit there well worth while. You can see, for instance, the cell inhabited by Ludovico Sforza and which was decorated by him with paintings. Alas, he died of joy on being told one day that he was to be set free.

THE PINNACLES AND TURRETS OF THE CHÂTEAU OF CHAMBORD, THE LARGEST CHÂTEAU IN THE REGION OF TH LOIRE : The walls of Chambord are plain and elegantly symmetrical, but the roof is a wilderness of fanciful superstructure, a mingling of gables, pinnacles, towers, chimneys and domes. The château stands in a stately demesne with formal pathways. The reason for so many of these great estates in the Loire regio has its origin in the expulsion of Charles VII and his Court from Paris in the fifteenth century. He spen his exile in and around Tours. Many of his nobles built homes for themselves to share that exile

Beneath the dungeons are even more sinister subterranean cells. Some are absolutely devoid of ligh and are cut out from solid rock. Yet men existed i them for years. In some of them are still readabl inscriptions, one being this ironical invitation *" Entrez, Messieurs, chez le roy nostre mestre.'* (" Enter, gentlemen, the home of the King, ou master.") Farther on I read these words : *"Dixisse m aliquando penituit, tacuisse nunquam."* (" I have sometimes repented of having spoken, never of keeping silent.")

Of the other three châteaux I named, Amboise stands in a commanding position overlooking the Valley of the Loire, and it is peopled with historical memories ; Villandry is chiefly remarkable for its ornamental gardens, laid out in three broad terraces rising one above the other, each elaborately designed and with its different coloured flower-beds framed by box hedges and evergreens ; and Chinon, to-day but a heap of ruins, was where Joan of Arc addressed herself to that weak French King, Charles VII, with the famous words : " Noble Dauphin, I have come to help you drive out the English." Chinon also has its link with the beautiful Agnes Sorel, who had great faith in Charles VII's star and became closely attached to him. This château was a lovely setting for their romance.

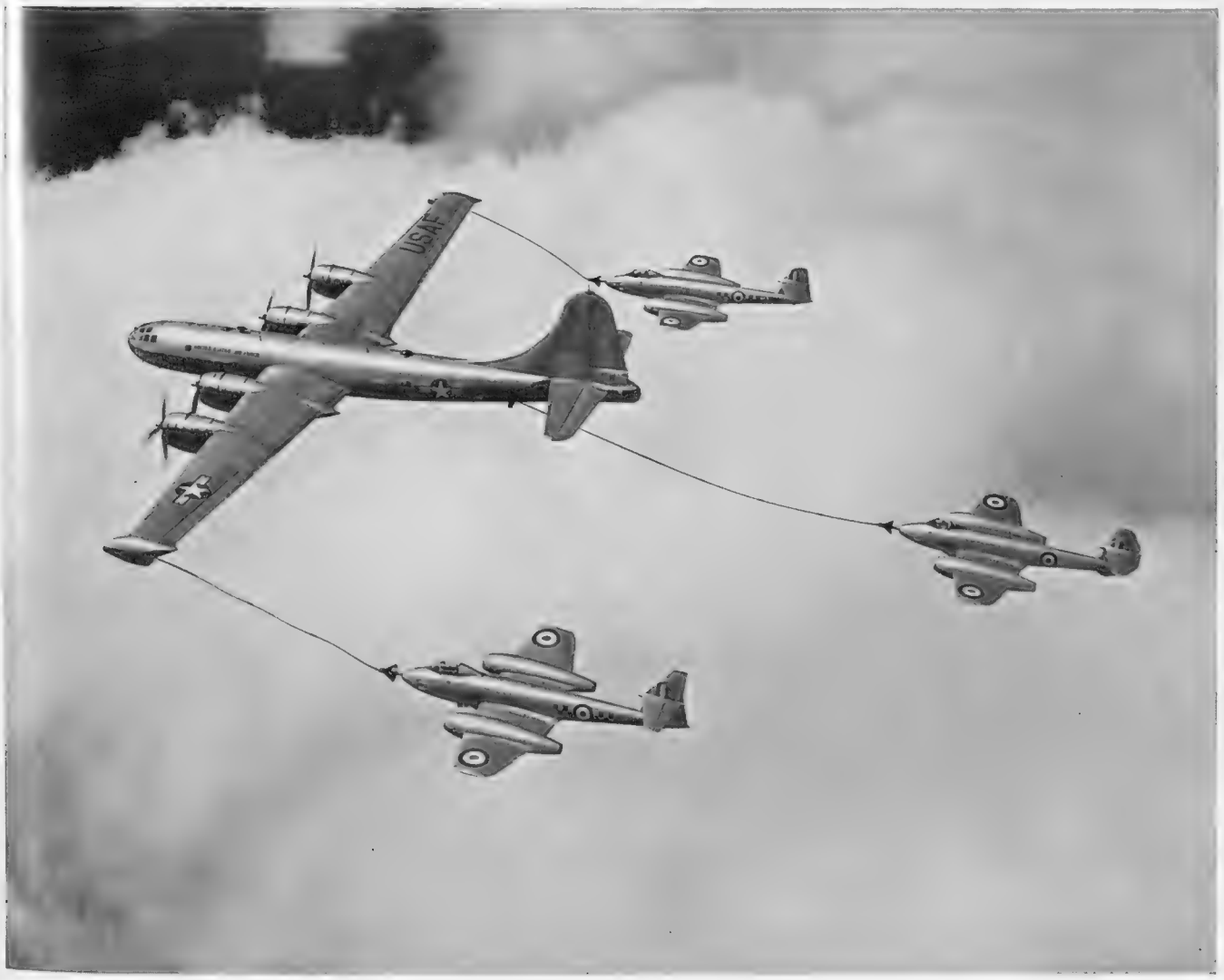
Apart from the châteaux, Touraine also offers as sights the towns of Angers and Bourges, both being of outstanding historic and artistic importance. And everywhere you journey in this lovely region of France there is the peaceful, luxuriant countryside. Nor must I forget to mention the kindly and hospitable people who are always ready to welcome the friendly visitor.

I always preach the value of loafing on holidays ; Touraine contributes beautifully to teaching this lesson. In no other part of the world is there a more intimate feeling between the soil and those who tend it.

* * *

Further information can be obtained from the French Government Tourist Office, 179, Piccadilly, London, W.1. During the summer, the Châteaux of Chambord and Chenonceaux will have special displays, combining sound and floodlighting after dark. **Gordon Cooper.**

THE HILLTOP CHÂTEAU OF CHAUMONT : This castle was purchased by Catherine de Medici as an alternative residence for Diane de Poitiers, her late husband's mistress. Diane had Chenonceaux and Catherine wished it for herself.



FLYING TANKER REFUELS THREE METEOR FIGHTERS AT THE SAME TIME, THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF THE PROBE AND DROGUE SYSTEM: The picture above shows three Meteors approaching the tanker to make contact with the three trailing drogues, the pilots merely aiming the probes into the drogues, an automatic coupling doing the rest. *Below*—The refuelling in progress after contact has been made. After filling their tanks the pilots break contact by the simple expedient of reducing speed. On both sides of the Atlantic experiments in aerial refuelling have been going on for some years past, and this latest technique of refuelling three planes at the same time is a development of the system evolved by Flight Refuelling, a company of which Sir Alan Cobham is chairman. The disclosure of this multiple system comes twenty months after the actual event. It appears that in September 1951 the United States Air Force sent a B 29 bomber to the company's airfield at Tarrant Rushton, Dorset, where it was fitted with three aerial refuelling units, one in the fuselage and one in each wing-tip. The R.A.F. equipped some Meteor jet fighters for refuelling in flight and they collaborated in a demonstration watched by U.S.A.F. and R.A.F. officers. When contact between the tanker and the fighter has been made, electric pumps deliver fuel at a rate of more than 200 gallons a minute, filling the fighter's tanks in three minutes. When sufficient fuel has been delivered the pilot of the receiving aircraft reduces speed, and when the pull on the fuel line reaches about 800 lb. the probe is released automatically from the coupling. For refuelling at night, shaded lights are placed in the drogues. The probe and drogue system can be used to refuel any type of aircraft, military or civil. A bomber can quickly be converted into a tanker, the equipment being installed in the bomb-bay, and the receiving system can be fitted in any aircraft which is equipped for pressure refuelling.

FLIGHT REFUELLING, THREE AT A TIME

An Anglo-American Technique Revealed After Twenty Months

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

WORTHIES of CORNWALL and DORSET

Richard Carew and William Barnes Provide the Themes for Two Remarkable New Biographies

I AM no antiquarian and I have no particular feeeling for Cornwall, but RICHARD CAREW OF ANTONY (Melrose. 30s.) still strikes me as one of the most fascinating books of the week. Carew lived from 1555 till 1620 and published his *Survey of Cornwall*, his home county, in 1602. Now one of the rarest of books, this is still the most entertaining guide, and the fullest, that has ever been produced and has a separate and equal value as a commentary and record of life in the Elizabethan age. For editing this survey, adding other examples of Carew's prose and poetry, and writing a long and lucidly explanatory introduction, Mr. F. E. Halliday deserves our grateful thanks. For illustrations to a most distinguished book are reproductions of John Norden's ten maps of Cornwall and its Hundreds, made before 1602, and coveted by Carew himself as illustrations to a second edition of the *Survey*.

WILLIAM BARNES OF DORSET (Cassell. 21s.) is one of the strangest, and yet one of the most authentic, figures in English letters. What Cornwall was to Carew, Dorset was to him, though his devotion was entirely expressed in poems in the dialect which are not wholly easy for the uninitiated to read. He was born in the Blackmore Vale and died not far away eighty-five years later, in 1886. In that long life that was outwardly so circumscribed and inwardly so widely ranging, William Barnes was first a schoolmaster and in middle life an ordained priest, was a fine engraver and woodcut artist, composed music and played four instruments, wrote books on mathematics, economics and archæology, and studied languages with such application and natural talent that, at his prime, he was familiar with sixty, including Manchu, Egyptian, Chinese and a number of the Polynesian tongues. Mr. Giles Dugdale has written a biography of this amazing man showing some of his multitude of facets, his relations with his family, his local friends and distant correspondents, and something of his great influence on Thomas Hardy. What comes clearly from these pages, however, is the impression that, besides being a man of extraordinary talents, he was also a perfect dear.

Mr. Norman Goodland has written a country book with a difference, for MY FATHER BEFORE ME (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is the story of a boy who grows up apprenticed in a craft that nowadays has fewer and fewer workers, but that is still more of an art than an everyday form of employment. Thatching, to be successful, and, after all, its prime purpose is utilitarian, must be learned from stage to stage, from the " drawing " of the straw to the completed curlicues and refinements, and the boy of the book learns the steps in the craft from his father, a stern and rather biblical figure, who directs every one of his family's moves but cannot have any effect on the growing lad's love for things of the country, for the living world of fields and woods, birds and animals. I found this book sober, enchanting and very satisfying.

THE SIGN OF JONAS (Hollis and Carter. 18s.) is the journal of Thomas Merton, a Trappist monk in a Kentucky monastery, who has already written a number of books of reflection, religious theory and personal, spiritual experience. His last, which had the good title of *Elected Silence*, I found a fine and profound reading experience, but one did not have to be especially intuitive to realise that it was by no means the definitive record of Father Merton's inner development. The present book approaches that far more nearly, and whereas its predecessor was primarily a history of change and development, doubts and often unhappiness, the present book radiates calm and happiness just as surely.

One might not have supposed that INNS OF AUSTRALIA (Heinemann. 27s. 6d.) would have provided a very rewarding subject even for so ingenious and prolific a writer as Mr. Paul McGuire, now Australian Ambassador to Eire, but the fact is that he has made a most lively and unusual book out of the quantities of material he has assembled, and illustrated it in one sense by anecdotes, in another by reproductions of contemporary prints and old photographs. The actual number of hotels, pubs and inns from the earliest days of settlement to our own seems enormous, but there is one change, and Mr. McGuire reports it without much enthusiasm. "On almost every Sydney corner," he writes, "banks have succeeded pubs. The phenomenon is noticeable throughout the country. Some people may take comfort from it : anti-inflationists and such."

FENNY (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) should be called—if the word hadn't been worked to death and back again—a charming novel, for that exactly describes it. It is not powerful, it is not immensely long, and it exemplifies no startling new technique. It is just a well-planned, scrupulously written story about a good woman, and in it Miss Lettice Cooper has reached a new height of expression and of insight into human complexities, so delightful in the one and so acute in the other that one can only hope that the author's work will have the thousands of readers it deserves. The setting throughout is Italy in the years between 1933 and 1949, and the principal character, Fenny herself, is an Englishwoman who travels abroad for the first time to become a temporary governess to an English child and stays to adopt the country as much as it adopts her, without altering in one iota her own brand of integrity while her horizons and her appreciation of beauty and warmth and colour widen from the first instant.

THE CORONATION BIBLE WHICH IS TO BE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT THE CORONATION CEREMONY : Mr. Lynton Lamb, the designer, with one of the craftsmen who have bound the volume and have worked to his design in red leather. The firm responsible for the binding are Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe. The Bible is printed on finest quality Oxford India paper at the Oxford University Press. It has 1430 pages. Previously the Bible has been presented to the Sovereign after the Crowning. It will now be presented after the Oath by the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, with the words : "Here is wisdom ; this is the royal law ; these are the lively oracles of God."

THE SERPENT-WREATHED STAFF (Cassell. 15s.) is as solemn a novel as I have come across in a month of wet Sundays, although it deals from time to time with children, young people, love-affairs and intelligent married couples. Alice Tisdale Hobart's theme is—you guessed it—medicine and surgery, and the contrasted approach to their professions made by two brothers, grandsons of a famous and deeply humanitarian surgeon. I found it positively absorbing to observe how, with not a grain of humour or the flicker of even a fictional smile, the author produces a perfectly readable book by the force of her sincerity and her ability as a story-teller.

Mr. Edgar Mittelholzer writes once again of British Guiana, an aspect of which he seems to have made his particular preserve, in THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SYLVIA (Secker and Warburg. 15s.). This, reverting to earlier lines, is powerful. It is often over-written, often unpleasant. The word suggestive, however, could never be applied to it, since factual exposition monotonously takes the place of suggestion, implication or even the exercise of imagination. It is a tragedy in the Greek sense and in the more mundane sense, where the forces of inanition seem as strong as the forces of destiny.

AUTUMN THUNDER (W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.) is a novel which, in a way, is even more foreign than that prospect of life and times across the Atlantic and the Caribbean, for it is a study of what happens, or, rather, what *can* happen, to a football star in an American University town when he is too old for the game, too economically tied to leave the town, and too devoted to the memories of his glory entirely to break away from the seminary itself. Mr. Robert Wilder writes in a forthright style and sympathetically of his middle-aged adolescent hero, but his novel remains one of those for which a glossary of mood, rather than of vocabulary, would be extremely helpful.

Mr. J. E. Macdonnell, late of the Royal Australian Navy, writes a brisk adventure story, GIMME THE BOATS ! (Constable. 10s. 6d.), in which a destroyer in action with and without the fleet is described. " A destroyer is a beautiful brute of a ship," he writes, " all grace and guts," and I can remember something on the subject, not dissimilar, from Mr. Monsarrat's pen. In any case, it is an exciting, extroverted, adventurous story, quite evidently written by someone who knows more than the ropes.

THE SARACEN BLADE (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.) is a novel by Mr. Frank Yerby in his customary grand manner, but this time he has chosen a setting far away from the southern States of America, which have been the background to some of his most successful tales. Small wonder, say the publishers, that Europe of the thirteenth century should have caught his fancy. Anyway, he has written a long, busy and extremely colourful story.

VAIN GLORY (Putnam. 12s. 6d.), by Dieter Meichsner, has been translated from the original German by Charlotte and A. L. Lloyd, and shows the German dissolution and end of the war in 1945 from the other point of view. One officer, with a scratch pack of men, still plans raids for clothes and prisoners and a defence position in the mountains ; another younger officer, who has known nothing but Nazism and battle, sees the end of that and the beginning of a simple life ; the G.I.s in the valley village dream of their home towns and make love to the local frauleins, and a Jewish soldier pursues his private dream of hatred for everything German. Herr Meichsner, who is now twenty-five and was therefore brought up in the full tide of Nazism, writes in the tradition but without the conviction of Remarque.

MUCH ADO ABOUT HIGHGATE—A VIEW FROM A PRIVATE GARDEN NEAR FITZROY PARK, LOOKING TOWARDS KEN WOOD AND HAMPSTEAD HEATH OVER TERRAIN WHICH HAS BEEN THE SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION AT THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL HEARING OF OBJECTIONS TO THE DEVELOPMENT PLAN : Fears that a possible increase in the density of population to seventy persons per acre might spoil the rural amenities and character of Highgate Village and Fitzroy Park were expressed by witnesses at the County Hall inquiry, but Mr. L. W. Lane, Assistant Senior Planning Officer, London County Council, said there was no proposal shown on the present programme of the planning authority to develop the area. That was not to say that small developments and what he described as "infilling" would not take place. A possible density had been provided for, but there was no proposal to develop the area within the period of the plan in the way that had been feared. The London County Council as the custodian of Hampstead Heath could be relied upon to guard these amenities.

Of this week's share of adventure, crime and detective fiction, I regret more than I can say to report a Gladys Mitchell thriller that fails to thrill. Naturally, being from this pen, it is still head and shoulders above a great deal of the competition. But in MERLIN'S FURLONG (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) even the redoubtable (and to me enchanting) Mrs. Lestrange Bradley seems to achieve no more than pedestrian detection.

THE CROOKED INN (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is by Mr. Ernest Dudley, known as the Armchair Detective, I believe, and a writer of great competence, with a chatty, discursive style. North Wales is his setting, and I can recommend this as a good detective story in conventional vein.

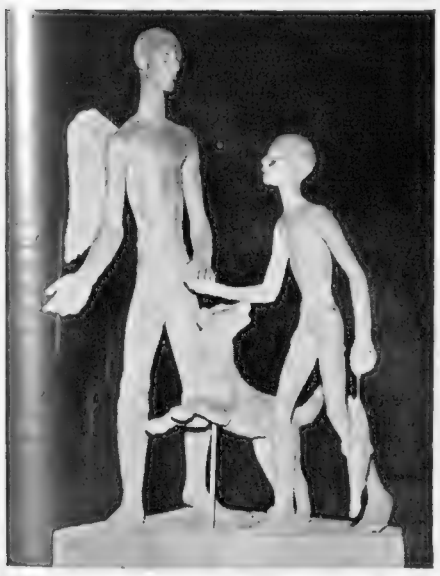
Mr. John Garden, in his adventure story, A LITTLE TIME TO STAY (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), builds up the suspense admirably from a rather humdrum start and succeeds in writing about his characters as if he had at last been persuaded to write the true story of what happened one year to a whole group of them. Very nice work.

ALFRESCO ART BESIDE THE THAMES—THE SIXTH ANNUAL OPEN-AIR DISPLAY OF PAINTINGS IN THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS, LONDON : This art show had a good send-off this year with a day of brilliant sunshine, and lunch-hour strollers thronged the gardens to criticise and admire the many and various works displayed. The exhibition closes on Sunday, May 24. On all days except the final day the pictures are for sale. This popular exhibition of contemporary art is sponsored by the London County Council.

ART DISPLAYS IN LONDON AND PARIS

The Sixth Annual Display in the Victoria Embankment Gardens; the Religious Revival in Contemporary Art; Picasso, With His "Goat and Bottle," Has a New Masterpiece in the Paris May Salon

N OPEN-AIR STUDIO IN THE HEART OF LONDON—ARTISTS AT THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS : *Left*—Mrs. Anne Bulitis, of Earl's Court, one of the exhibitors at the L.C.C.s sixth annual open-air display of paintings. *Right*—Joanna Gomez, a student from Lisbon, making sketches of the display on the opening day.



THE CHRISTIAN THEME IN CONTEMPORARY ARTS : *Left*—"Tobias and the Angel," a sculpture in concrete by Daphne Hardy-Heurion, and (*above on right*) "The Crucifixion," a work in terra-cotta by Siegfried Cheroux, A.R.A. Both sculptures are displayed at the International Exhibition now being held at Park Lane House and entitled "The Christian Theme in Contemporary Arts." The exhibition, which was opened last week by Sir John Rothenstein, is the first comprehensive exhibition of its kind to be held in England in this century, although in Paris an exhibition of modern sacred art is an annual event. Four hundred works from fourteen countries are on view, comprising paintings, sculpture, stained glass, tapestry and ceramics. Native Christian artists in Africa, India and the West Indies contribute a fresh viewpoint clearly uninfluenced by Western art. The exhibition will remain open until June 18.

On right—

"PRAISING THE LORD" : This is the title of the mosaic panel which Mr. James Dersbach-Mayen, of Germany, is seen preparing for display at the International Exhibition at Park Lane House, W.1.

PICASSO EXHIBITS HIS "GOAT AND BOTTLE" AT THE MAY SALON IN PARIS : This contribution to the current show at the Modern Arts Museum has aroused the usual publicity for the maestro. The horns of the goat are cycle handle-bars. The eyes are bolt heads, and the hair is made up of nails. Picasso intended to fashion the head from papier mâché, as a tribute to the goatly propensity for chewing paper, but he finally decided to use bronze. The bottle, complete with a spray of nails, closely resembles a petrol pump. Picasso visited the preview of the May Salon, but declined to comment on his latest masterpiece, leaving the task to a delighted Paris Press.

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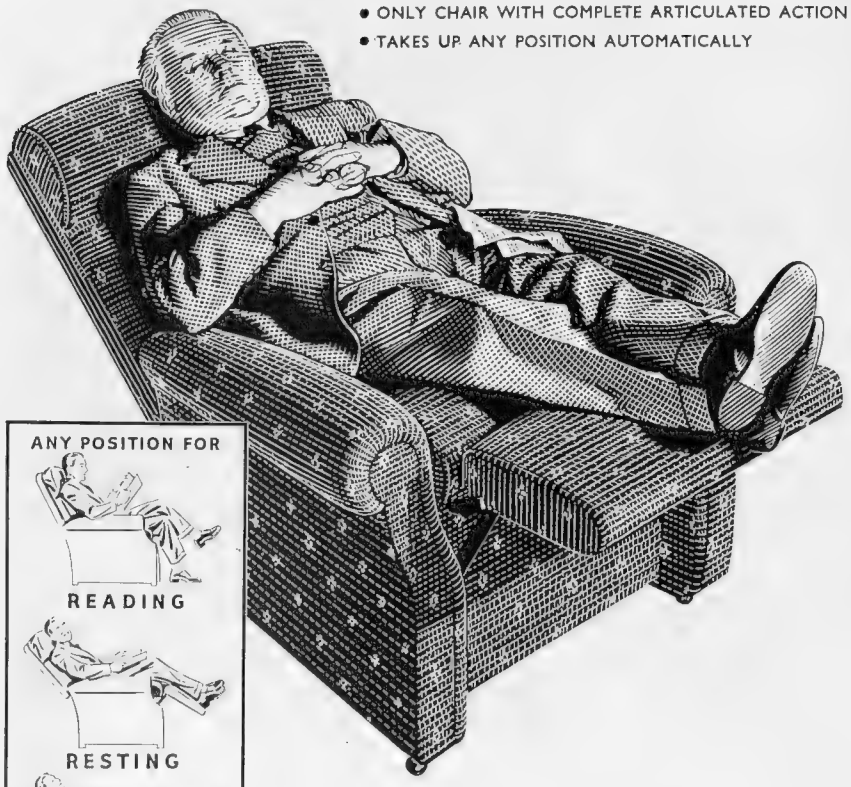

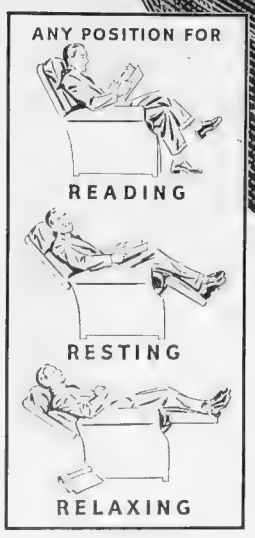

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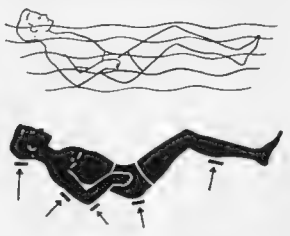
• KEEPS FEET UP AND HEAD PILLOWED
• TAKES STRAIN OFF HEART SCIENTIFICALLY
• EASES NERVOUS TENSION • LOOSENS TENSE MUSCLES.

Probably you have never thought that a chair could make a significant contribution to health and well-being . . . For years the medical profession has recognized the need of a simple means of relaxing the body, especially for those who, for one reason or another, have to try to take life a little easier. The story of research by scientists and designers to find the completely relaxed position and fit a chair to it is a long one, crowned with the successful BodiLine Chair.

To rest in this chair is an entirely new experience. When you sit back the angle/ratios of seat and back change and the front moves out slightly to support your feet. As you recline the chair's body line ratios vary automatically, gradually easing muscular tension and lightening the heart's burden until complete relaxation is obtained in the full reclining position.

With latex foam over deep springing, the BodiLine costs from **£31-19-6** at good furnishers.

FLOATING RELAXATION



It was discovered that the body is most perfectly relaxed when floating in water. Notice how the five most vital spots of the body are correctly supported by the "BodiLine" Chair.

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The World of Books

FABERGÉ, THE GREAT JEWELLER

Among New Volumes About Craftsmen and Craftsmanship is a Superb Record of the Russian Court Jeweller

Peter Carl Fabergé, goldsmith and jeweller to the Russian Imperial Court, descendant of an exiled family of Picardy Huguenots, lived during the last great age of art patronage, culminating in the Edwardian era. It is inevitable that he should be compared with Benvenuto Cellini, and it is a remarkable fact that his skill should have produced two superlative books about him in the space of four years. The first volume was by Henry Charles Bainbridge, and was reviewed in THE SPHERE in November 1949, being published by B. T. Batsford. The second is the work of A. Kenneth Snowman, and is entitled THE ART OF CARL FABERGÉ (Faber and Faber. 84s.). With its 380 monochrome illustrations, its 27 plates in colour and its superb binding, Mr. Snowman's book wins immediate praise while the text accompanying the pictures is full of well-documented historical data regarding this man who made the most glorious Easter eggs the world has ever seen. Fabergé apparently proposed to Tsar Alexander III that he should make an Easter gift for the Tsarina with some special surprise in it. The first egg was of gold, enamelled opaque white. Inside was a yolk of gold, inside which was a chicken made of various coloured golds. But this was not all by any means. Inside the chicken was a model of the Imperial Crown, and inside the crown hung a tiny ruby egg. So delighted was the Tsar that he gave Fabergé an order for an egg every Easter, and a bargain was struck between Emperor and craftsman that Fabergé was given a free hand to make whatever he wished; that the Emperor should never inquire what was being made. The main stipulation was that each egg must have a surprise in it. The bargain was kept, and Fabergé made fifty-seven eggs, eleven for Tsar Alexander III, which he presented to his Tsarina, and forty-six to the order of Tsar Nicholas II, which he gave to his wife and to his mother, the Dowager Empress Marie. Fabergé made innumerable treasures for the Tsars, and this truly delightful volume is a record of his unparalleled achievement. He was a man of inexhaustible inventiveness. The art of the electric bell-push is attributed to him, his imagination being fired by the endless artistic possibilities of this new domestic appliance. To assess the art of Fabergé it must be realised that he created a revolution in his time. He decreed, and all at the Court and upon the fringe of Society obeyed him, that the measure of a gift was the measure of the craftsmanship that had gone to its making, not the wealth expended upon it.

A "SPHERE" SELECTION OF TEN SPECIALISED BOOKS

THE CONNOISSEUR CORONATION BOOK, 1953 (National Magazine Co. 21s.). *bound in imitation vellum with gold lettering, is edited by L. G. G. Ramsey. This year several of the articles are written with emphasis on the Coronation and the Royal Collection. There are several colour-plates and countless reproductions in black and white.*

A new book making a timely appearance is **THE CROWN JEWELS and Other Regalia in the Tower of London** (Dropmore Press. 5 gns.), *by Major-General H. D. W. Sitwell (Keeper of the Jewel House), and edited by Clarence Winchester. In addition to the story of the Royal Ornaments, the volume is enriched with eight colour plates and 28 pages of monochrome illustrations.*

SARUM CHASE (John Murray. 2 gns.) *is a new and enlarged edition of "Portrait and Pageant," by Frank O. Salisbury. There is an account of the author's experiences since the publication of the original book, and there are ten coloured illustrations, as well as many in monochrome.*

The publication of a new edition of **WALES** (Ernest Benn. 21s.) *completes the series of Blue Guides devoted to Great Britain, issued since the war. The book, edited by L. Russell Muirhead and illustrated with 24 maps and plans, contains information on transport: hotel accommodation: notes for motorists and fishermen, and authoritative articles on the antiquities, history and language of Wales.*

There is also a new publication for members of the A.A. It is the **A.A. ROAD BOOK OF SCOTLAND** (Automobile Association. 12s. 6d.), *which contains a Gazetteer of 2,000 entries: details of 270 itineraries, maps and 114 town plans. An innovation is a map of the Western Isles, showing steamship connections with the mainland for both passengers and cars.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNION, 1815-1939 (Bowes and Bowes. 12s. 6d.), *by Percy Cradock, includes contributions by a number of ex-Presidents of the Union. The book is in two parts: the first is the story of the Union from 1815 to 1900, and the second is in the form of a series of recollections ranging from 1900-1939.*

In **BOBBY LOCKE ON GOLF** (Country Life. 25s.), *the South African golfer comments on My Golfing Life: How I Play Golf: The Psychology of Golf, and the Courses and Players. The book, which is profusely illustrated, has a foreword by Bernard Darwin.*

BROADMOOR (Chatto and Windus. 21s.), *by Ralph Partridge, is a History of Criminal Lunacy and its problems. The story has been written with the approval of the authorities, and the author recounts the Institution's history from the earliest days up to the present day. He also discusses the medical and legal aspects of insanity. There are several illustrations.*

THE EARTH AND ITS MYSTERIES (Bell. 16s.), *by G. W. Tyrrell, is an introduction to earth science. It deals with the origin and history of the earth, the home of Man; with the composition and origin of the minerals and rocks which build its solid crust, and with the processes, internal and external, which have shaped it.*

The stories of the great voyages that opened up the world are told by N. J. Berrill in **JOURNEY INTO WONDER** (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) *The story begins with the voyages of Columbus, and ends with the expeditions of Scott and Shackleton.*

Fabergé figures in two more volumes which command attention this week, both of them covering the history of the jeweller's craft, but the first of them is cautious in its estimate of the court jeweller. In A HISTORY OF JEWELLERY 1100-1870 (Faber and Faber. 5 gns.), Joan Evans emphasises that Fabergé was not a work-bench craftsman, indeed, only giving the most general ideas for design, and she yields him back-handed praise by extolling his virtues as a super-salesman. Her book is the product of years of study of the history of secular jewellery in Europe, and the numerous illustrations in the volume are drawn both from royal and private collections. Ernle Bradford, in FOUR CENTURIES OF EUROPEAN JEWELLERY (Country Life. 42s.), is, on the other hand, a deep admirer of Fabergé. "If Cellini is thought of as the representative Renaissance goldsmith and jeweller," he says, "Fabergé stands for those last brief years of European brilliance before the First World War." The author emphasises Fabergé's status as the manager of a vast business with European-wide ramifications. Ernle Bradford's book, like that of Dr. Evans, covers the subject of the jeweller's art in the widest possible way, the author describing the fashions and products of each succeeding century, bringing his historical survey down to the use of new precious metals and the production of fashion jewellery in the twentieth century. Both these books are finely produced, true adornments to the publisher's art in this Coronation year.

The Faber monographs on pottery and porcelain have already won a fine reputation for themselves among collectors and connoisseurs. The latest of them is Franklin A. Barrett's WORCESTER PORCELAIN (Faber and Faber. 30s.). The author shows how the eighteenth-century porcelain made at Worcester won a lasting place in English life, not by reason of its artistic quality, which was high indeed, but for the simple domestic reason that one novel ingredient made it more durable than other porcelains, that it was, in fact, possible to boil water in it. The volume contains about 100 photographs, and there is no doubt that collectors will find it of the greatest help when engaged in the task of classification.

Alfred Einstein's A SHORT HISTORY OF MUSIC, which was first published in 1936, now reappears with 4 colour plates and 220 monochrome illustrations selected by Hyatt King. Mr. Hyatt King is Assistant Keeper of the Queen's Musick at the British Museum. This admirable edition is published by Cassell at 30s.

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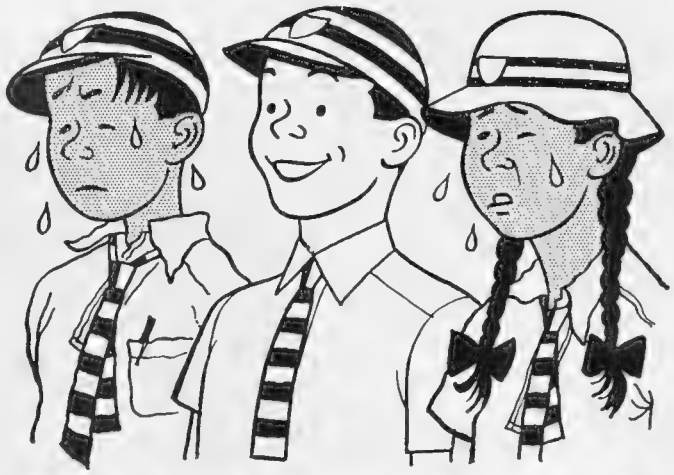

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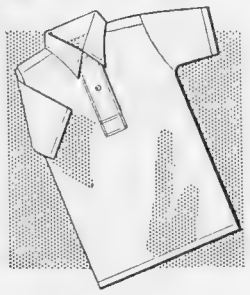

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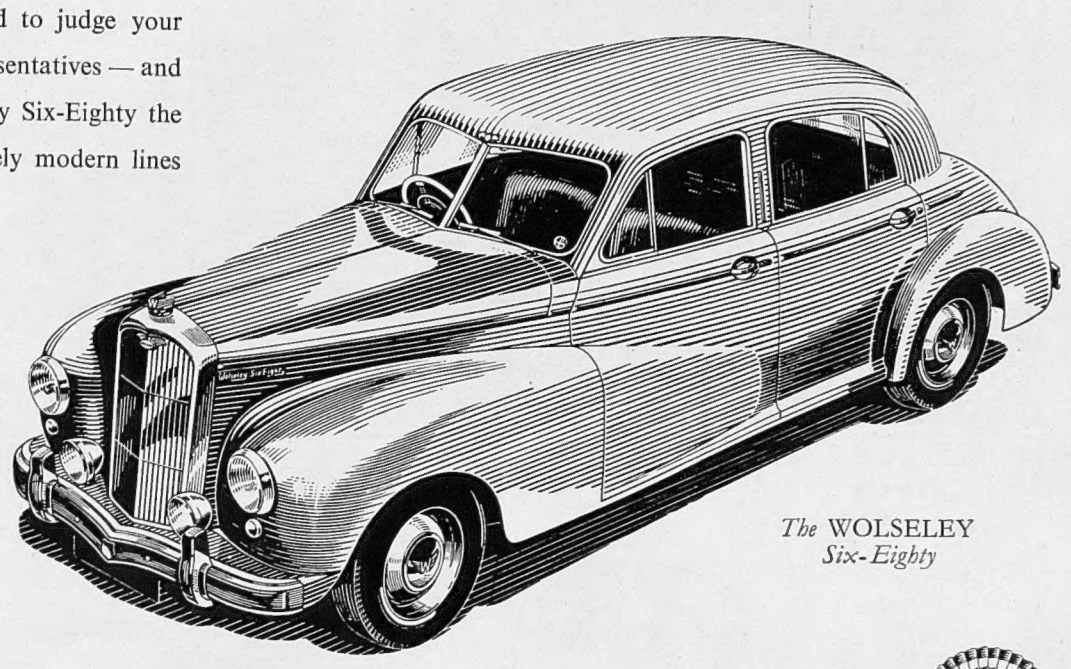

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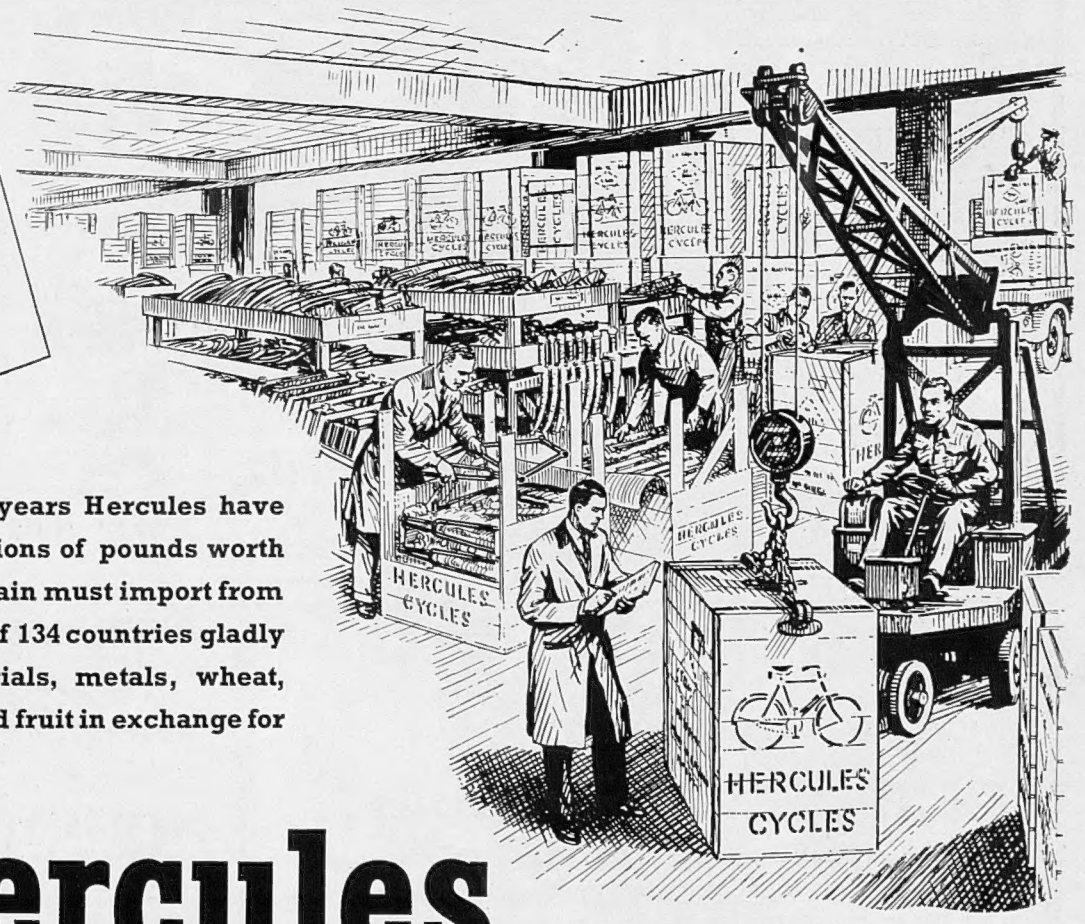

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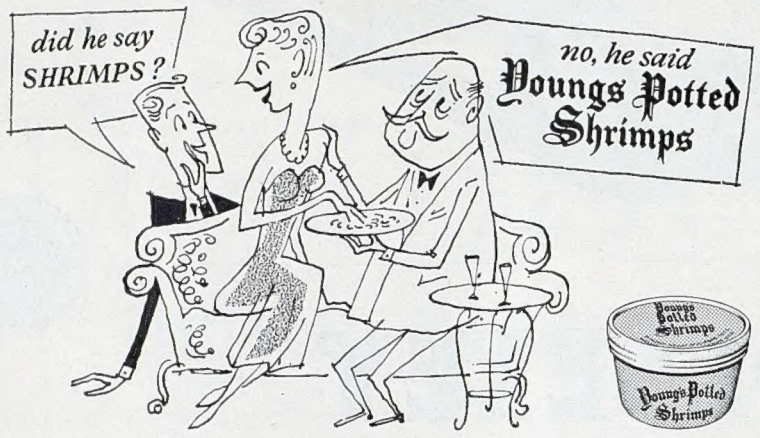

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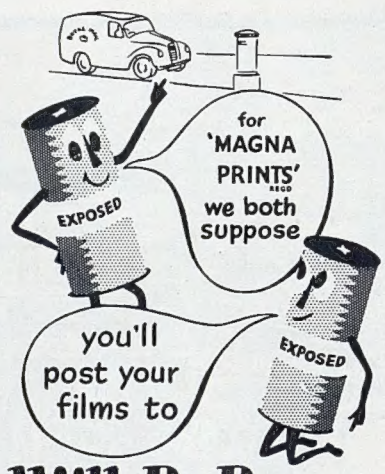

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE river season has commenced and for Londoners that has only one meaning—the Thames. Let it be placed on record that on Sunday, May 3, 1953, the weather forecast of a "fine, sunny day" was entirely justified and all London seemed to join the trek to sea or river.

Lunch at Marlow was our objective, and that meant *The Compleat Angler*. What scope for his talent the artist would have found in depicting the busy luncheon scene in their riverside restaurant, designed in the style of the Swiss Valais. The company was varied: overseas visitors, family parties, the elderly, the young, and on every face a satisfied look would have been portrayed.

I was glad to find that in addition to a 10s. 6d. *table d'hôte* lunch, *The Compleat Angler* now offers an *à la carte* menu. Personally, I prefer to choose my own dishes according to the mood and the weather. This is an excellent place in which to entertain our overseas visitors. The setting on a sunny day could not be bettered—the surging waters of the weir close by, the tapering spire of Marlow's Parish Church across the water, the graceful chain bridge, and in the foreground the beflowered hotel lawns, gay with visitors dressed in their spring finery.

Father Thames has many other picturesque stretches and backwaters, fortunately coupled with a splendid price range of worth-while places for meals or accommodation. A reader has asked me for a list of my personal recommendations this side of Reading. Here are some of them.

At Hampton Court *The Mitre*, whose present directorate has wisely fostered the atmosphere of the past; catering here is still, as always, first-class. The *Anchor* at Shepperton, which at times you can barely see for the sports and large saloon cars parked wing-to-wing outside. At Windsor *The Old House Hotel*, with its terrace designed for dining out of doors, which caters for the connoisseur. Also at Windsor *The Grapes Tavern*, a newly-decorated and redesigned restaurant which is a great credit to Simonds. *The Hind's Head* at Bray—a temple of English cooking at its best, with Miss Williams at the helm. *Skindles* at Maidenhead, a famous riverside hotel which is making fresh history; here is a place in which to "push the boat out"—an electric launch and pink champagne, caviare and oysters. Also at Maidenhead is *The Bear*; shampooed, trimmed and given an entirely new look, this old-fashioned hotel is now one of the Simonds group—another way of saying modern trends in furnishing and decoration, cheerful and bright, and the best of food and wine at popular prices. *The Bel and Dragon* at Cookham—very old, and very good food. At Sonning there is a choice between *The French Horn* and *The White Hart*, and in any case Sonning is one of Britain's beauty spots. Finally, *The St. George and Dragon* at Wargrave, yet another Simonds hotel.

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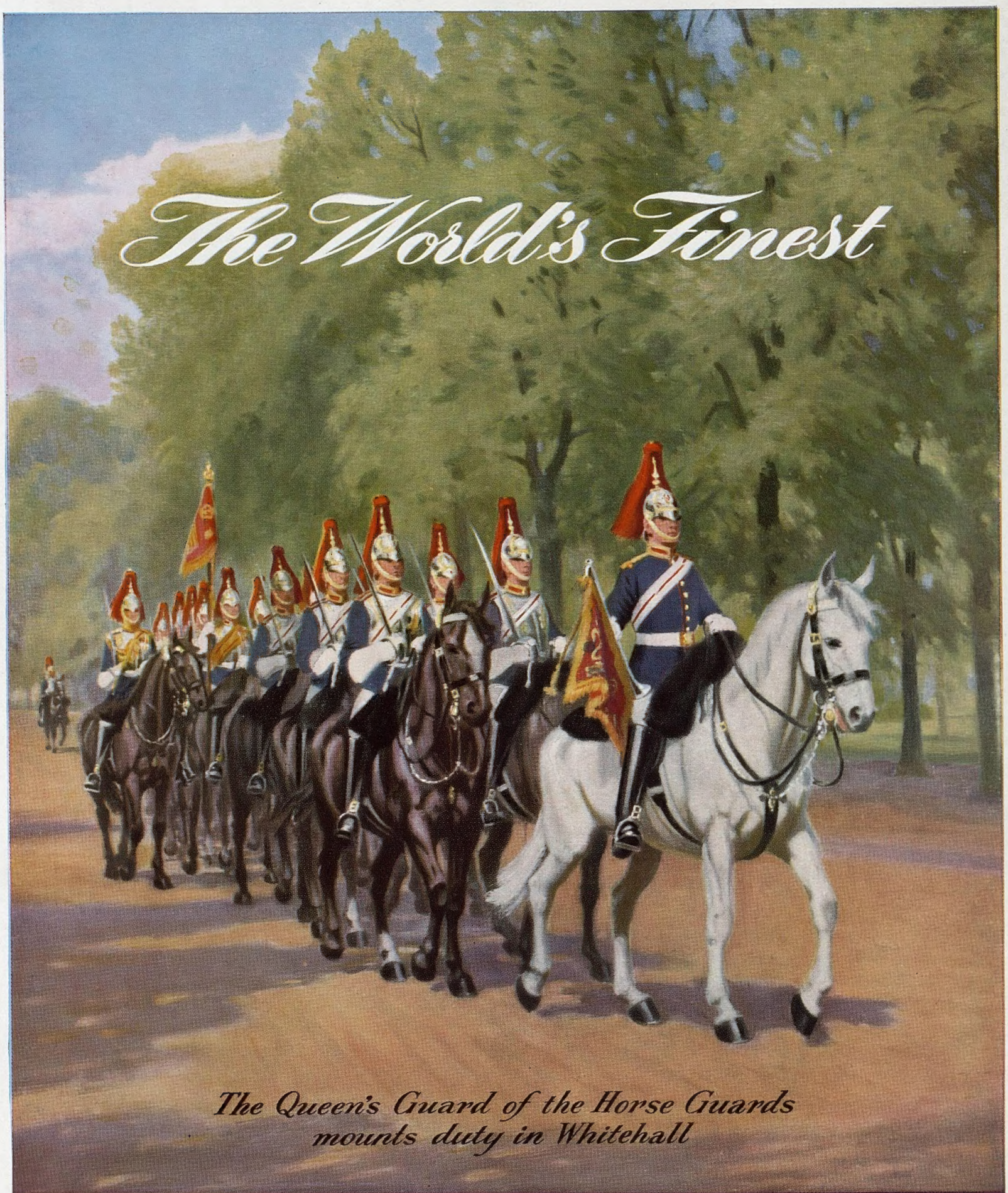

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